ART BOOKS OF 1964: Lincoln Kirstein

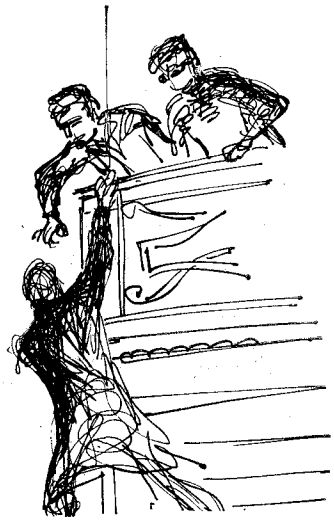
THE NATION

December 21, 1964 . . 35c

NO FAIR!

The Student Strike At California

GENE MARINE



The St. Croix

WHO OWNS A RIVER?

Alfred D. Stedman

'THIS LITTLE LIGHT . . .'

Peter de Lissovoy

Reviews & Essays

Isaac Deutscher on EHRENBURG

COMMUNISM AND THE FRENCH INTELLECTUALS: Harvey Goldberg

'INCIDENT AT VICHY': Julius Novick

EAST TENNESSEE STATE UNIVERSITY

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LETTERS

Word for Hoover

East Chicago, Ind.

Dear Sirs: Just read the editorial on Hoover the Vulgarian [*The Nation*, Nov. 30]. Imagine anyone saying out loud that Mr. Hoover is an oaf. It's about time we called attention to the king's nakedness. *Rose LeVan*

New York City

Dear Sirs: Your editorial, "Hoover the Vulgarian" was inspiring. It has been my feeling that as the Soviet Union fights against the cult of personality, we in this country have been deifying government and industry people. Hoover should be retired and possibly could be made useful as a consultant to the movie industry—you never know when the G-Men movies will catch hold again. *G. A. Caparelli*

San Juan Island, Wash.

Dear Sirs: It gave me great pleasure and satisfaction to read your fine editorial criticism of J. Edgar Hoover in the Nov. 30 issue. . . . The Shakespearean lines, "As who should say, I am Sir Oracle and when I ope' my lips let no dog bark," are so apt to J. Edgar. Now at last someone has had the courage not only to bark at him but to bite.

F. R. Scott

Floating on top

Detroit, Mich.

Dear Sirs: Robert G. Sherrill's piece on Sen. George Smathers (*The Nation*, Dec. 7) reveals which elements of our "Great Society" float to the top. . . . With Senators like that at the helm what chance is there for peace and decency? Not to mention Vietnam and the Congo. . . .

How I wish more people would read *The Nation*. *John Z. Gelsavage*

Who smells a plot?

Rochester, N.Y.

Dear Sirs: Shortly after the publication of the Warren Commission's report, a friend brought to our attention a syndicated article by William F. Buckley. That master of the innuendo had written, essentially, that the report did not exclude the possibility of a conspiracy. Anyone who thought our plotters could be right wingers was clearly an idiot; hence, it must have been a leftist conspiracy.

Our friend then stated that he expected to see the same comments in *The Nation*, with the words "Left" and "Right" interchanged. Imagine the glee with which we showed him the next issues of both *The Nation* ["The Warren Report" by Herbert L. Packer, Nov. 2] and *I. F. Stone's Weekly!* Here, contrasted with Buckley's outlook, we found realistic attitudes: while responsible criticisms of the commission's efforts were valid, wild theorizing, by the Right or the Left, was uniformly condemned.

And now we read in *The Nation* three letters that do not even bother to criticize Professor Packer's defense of the report, but rather are a weak echo of the irresponsibility our friend had expected to find in *The Nation*.

Mr. & Mrs. Matt Young

In vino . . .

Torrington, Wyo.

Dear Sirs: Dr. M. E. Chafetz's comparison of the drinking customs of various nations is quite enlightening ["The Puzzle of Alcoholism," *The Nation*, Nov. 30]. But where in the world he found in it a basis for the statement that "alcohol does more good than harm" is beyond me, unless he includes industrial uses—which he did not mention.

The only candidate for "positive benefits" I have run across is that drinking loosens tongues. There may thereby be released an occasional body of wisdom for the benefit of mankind —but most of what finds voice by the removal of inhibitions . . . is garrulous nonsense, more impressive to the speaker than to his hearers. Locate a few other possible benefits, and they don't seem to stack up against the contribution to accidents, crime, ruined homes and persons that are the record of alcohol, even in countries where the customs are different from ours. *Howard Osborne*

Reviving the shelter

Princeton, N.J.

Dear Sirs: Early this fall the American Society for Engineering Education announced that it had been awarded a contract by the Office of Civil Defense to schedule and administer Summer Institutes on Nuclear-Defense Design. These institutes are planned as "guides for architectural and engineering faculty in the presentation of similar courses."

As a member of the society I have voiced opposition to . . . what I consider a most insidious form of collaboration of an academic professional society with the Department of Defense, through the Offices of Civil Defense, to promote a fallout shelter mentality among students and faculty in this country. . . . Since the military establishment was not successful in its direct public campaign to develop a full-scale fallout shelter program throughout the country, it has now shifted the program to a "higher" level—and this is via academia.

In voicing my opposition to the main officers of the American Society for Engineering Education I received a most disturbing reaction from these people who could see no conflict of principle. This indicates to me that the brainwashing job of the military on certain segments of academia has been most effective. . . .

Steve M. Slaby, Chairman
Dept. of Graphics and
Engineering Drawing
Princeton University

THE NATION

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Fulcrum of the United Nations

Recently we commended John Kenneth Galbraith for his reminder that a practical understanding between the United States and the Soviet Union is the "fulcrum" of this country's foreign policy, although there are times when one would never guess it. Such an understanding is also the fulcrum of the UN as a viable institution—a fact which the controversy over the Soviets' payment of UN assessments has brought into sharp focus. The simplicist view of this argument is that the dirty Russians are welching on their just debts and Uncle Sam, played by Adlai Stevenson, is telling them to pay up or be shut up. Actually, some other nations, including France, are nearing the point of no Assembly vote, and the only reason why the U.S. has been in the prosecutor's role is that, in the past, it could rely on the Assembly to follow its lead obediently. But with 115 nation-members—most of them small, poor, and weak, yet each entitled to a vote—a new situation is arising, and this accounts for our reluctance to let matters come to a showdown. From a seemingly obdurate stand, we have retreated to a sensible proposal for a special committee of about twenty members, including the five permanent members of the Security Council, to take charge of future UN peace-keeping operations and prevent, as far as possible, imbroglios of the present sort.

This plan is not a mere temporizing or face-saving device like the current moratorium on votes in the Assembly. In the proposed committee, a two-thirds majority would be required to authorize assessments for intervention in threatening situations. Any seven members could prevent action and demands for financial participation. But, as Crosby S. Noyes points out in the Washington *Star*, this constitutes a veto, which was so repugnant to us when the Russians exercised it in the Security Council that we in effect supplanted the Council with the Assembly. The multinational veto may prove unfortunate in some future crisis when prompt action is needed to preserve the peace. But the lesson of the Congo intervention—which started with the UN's gallant attempt to avert chaos and ended in near-chaos for the Congo and near-bankruptcy for the UN—is that no great power is going to pay for an operation of which it disapproves, or that runs counter to its evaluation of its own vital interests. The special-committee proposal is a recognition of international realities and of the present limitations on UN action—a setback from the standpoint of world government, but better than wrecking the organization by overextension.

Rather than weakening the UN in the exercise of its present limited powers, the impasse may strengthen the organization. Both the Soviet Union and the United States evidently value its functions—short of coercion applied to themselves. Something else that they recognize is, in Noyes's words, that "the great powers—including Russia—do have interests and responsibilities in common which are not shared by lesser powers, even acting as a group." The debt discussions may in consequence result in a *modus vivendi* within the UN which will improve the international atmosphere generally. The original UN concept, when Roosevelt and Stalin were planning the postwar future, was that the United States and Russia would continue to collaborate. They were unable to do so and the cold war followed. Now there appears to be recognition on both sides that while the one-nation-one-vote setup of the General Assembly is international democracy, it gives the Assembly power to start things that it is impotent to finish. So, circuitously, we are getting back to the original idea of the UN and the original theory of the Security Council. If it can be remembered that the fulcrum of American-Soviet understanding is a prerequisite, the Council may turn out to be a useful instrument on the second attempt. Even great powers can learn something in twenty years.

More Than Restless

A year ago, Dr. Clark Kerr warned that "the undergraduate students are restless." He turned out to be a prophet, the more so because when he spoke the impression was still widespread that the dominant mood of undergraduates was one of conformity and willing acceptance of the standards of the affluent society.

This year has been called the "Year of the Protest." The demonstrations at Berkeley [see p. 482] have been the largest and the most spectacular, but many other protests have drawn only local headlines. A survey by Paul Danish of the Collegiate Press Service lists some of the major actions. At Trinity College in Hartford, Conn., the uprising was directed against new regulations governing student drinking. Several hundred nature lovers at the University of Pennsylvania demonstrated against the construction of a new fine arts building because it would destroy one of the few tree-shaded areas remaining on the campus. At the University of Texas the local chapter of Students for a Democratic Society picketed against an *Amos 'n Andy* type of minstrel show. At City University of New York, students organized to defeat candidates for the state legislature who did not take a stand in favor of free tuition. University of Michigan students demanded "campus democracy now"—a package which included more money for teaching, new student housing, increased student wages and lower living costs.

The variety of protest suggests an underlying dissatisfaction which may not be clear even to some of the most active participants. In fact, there are convincing signs of a negative or passive protest in which no banners are carried and no one takes a sock at the

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campus police. This inversion, which may be related to the earlier conformity, shows up as "apathy," being "cool," pseudo-beatnik attitudes and antics, and "alienation" from the world outside the campus and often from the campus and the faculty. This condition, also described by the Collegiate Press Service, is reported by Roger Ebert to be especially prevalent at the big universities. "At this moment," he says, "there are hundreds of students who have lost all contact with the world their fellows inhabit and who wander helplessly from classroom to dormitory room, not even aware that they are searching desperately for a way to unlock these prison cells."

While no single explanation can cover such a wide spectrum of protest, ranging from the sublime to the ridiculous, something serious is obviously afoot. A large proportion of undergraduates are devoid of "motivation"—a favorite inspirational word of some industrialists and also a certain type of faculty member. They seek relief in demonstrations, which are certainly healthier than catatonia, random sex arising from boredom, alcohol or drugs. The traditional values of hard work, hard thinking, piety and constructive behavior may still be strong in some of the students, but to others—and their number is large—they have become irrelevant. These students manifest openly something that also afflicts many of their elders. They are rejecting the values of the affluent society (affluent materially and poverty-stricken spiritually). On whatever level the protest is made, it is an important syndrome which society cannot afford to ignore, still less try to suppress.

Out in the Open

One of the ironies of the tragic sequence of events in Mississippi is that they should have centered in a town called Philadelphia—"city of brotherly love." But perhaps there is something appropriate about the symbolism, for at last some signs are emerging that Philadelphia, Miss., wants to be no worse than Philadelphia, Pa., which is not free from race hatred but where Negroes vote and cannot be murdered with impunity. Given time, Philadelphia, Miss., may acquiesce in the rule of law, and this novel acceptance may spread to other towns. Eventually—God willing—it may encompass the whole state.

At the moment, national opinion oscillates and is influenced by group opinion. First the FBI was condemned for not turning up the culprits. Now, after twenty-one arrests, the forecasts are, in effect, that there will be at best belated indictments and, if there are indictments, no one will be convicted. That is only too probable; the bizarre refusal of the local commissioner to hold nineteen of the men arrested—a temporary but psychologically important setback—is an example of what to expect. Understandably, a kind of despair may seize any American who takes the Constitution seriously and knows that in some two or three states murder, as long as it is racial murder, is not regarded by the white citizens as a crime. Yet the punishment of the guilty is not the only factor involved.

If one is not to take a stand which bears some resemblance to that of the Ku Kluxers, one must acknowledge that some of those arrested may not be guilty. They must have a fair trial. If they need funds for their defense, those who wish to contribute must be free to do so. If the trials are a travesty of justice, as in similar situations in the past, the fact will not go unnoticed in the world outside Mississippi, nor in Mississippi, nor in the town that has become a symbol of lawlessness (although by all indications it is no worse than many other towns in the Deep South).

Very slowly, and not at all surely, the processes of law are being applied. This is the new element in the Mississippi situation. For years it has been no offense for a white man to kick a Negro off the sidewalk or, given ritual provocation, to kill him. The dominant mores have sanctioned this behavior and they sanction it still, but now a Philadelphia clergyman can preach a sermon on the Schwerner-Chaney-Goodman killings which, he says, could not have been preached three months ago, nor even three weeks ago. The case is out in the open. Says the Rev. Clay Lee of the First Methodist Church: "People you'd never expect would want to talk about responsibility in this light now stop you on the street and declare themselves in favor of it."

The reasons vary with the individual. Some have found that the mores do not still the voice of conscience. For others, the arrests have had a salutary effect. Arrests, even if nothing worse follows, are unpleasant, and the seizure of twenty-one individuals, including law-enforcement officers, emphasizes the federal presence in the county and state. Then there are the commercial and psychological aspects. The banker knows that as far as industry is concerned Mississippi has become virulent. Perhaps worst of all, federal funds will shortly by-pass his state, one of the poorest in the Union.

The immediate outlook is one of further frustration in the more enlightened parts of the country. No early victory is in sight. But Mississippi is inhabited by human beings who, in the long run, will bow to the forces that have molded the rest of the United States.

The Fortunes of NASA

The flight of the Mariner IV spacecraft to Mars may be regarded in two ways: for what it tells us about the current state of space technology and for what it tells us about the agency responsible for the project. Even if full success should not be achieved, the operation is a marvel of science and engineering. It puts a 575-pound vehicle and instrument package into an orbit diverging sufficiently from that of Earth so that, after 325 million miles and 228 days, it will pass within a few thousand miles of Mars. After performing various experiments en route, if all goes well Mariner will take twenty-two pictures of the Martian surface, change the optical pattern into electrical signals, record these on tape, and transmit them slowly to Earth for the best photographic results. Each picture will require eight

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hours of transmission time. Again if all goes well, the pictures will resolve objects about 1 mile apart—about as good as telescopic views of the moon.

The details of this feat—and if Mariner IV does not succeed a later probe will—would stagger the imagination of a Jules Verne, even if he were educated in modern jet propulsion, telemetry, computation and electronics. The orientation of the vehicle alone involves problems of fantastic complexity. It must be nicely adjusted so that the solar panels face the sun and generate full power, that at the fly-by the cameras point toward Mars, and that throughout the journey the transmitting and receiving antennas point toward Earth for commands from NASA's Jet Propulsion Laboratory and the transmission of the pictures.

The complexity of NASA's political and public relations problems is almost as great. In general, space projects involve compromises, or victories and defeats, for a variety of contending factions—scientists and engineers, military men, politicians, industrialists. The flight to Mars is to the liking of scientists, at least to those working on projects that require observations in outer space. It is less admired by those who are interested mainly in lunar exploration, and still less by the Air Force, which would prefer to rove in low orbits where reconnaissance is taking place today and, some think, bombs will be flying tomorrow.

Who gets what in space depends to some extent on publicity and NASA's front-page space suffers sharp decline whenever it has no manned flights to stage. The role of the public is mainly one of "gee whiz" incomprehension, a vague assumption that in some way they are being protected from the Russians, a vicarious pride when we do something better than they and, when the astronauts go up, a kind of gladiatorial show. The spectators are patriots all, but sooner or later an astronaut will burn.

But, little as the public has to say about it all, it does pay the bills and NASA wants to keep its own image clear and bright, lest curmudgeons start wiring their Congressmen about that $5.5 billion a year. With all these distractions, and with none of the problems of life support, propulsion, equipment design and reliability and re-entry beyond an early-study stage, NASA is hoping to send Americans to Mars around 1985. Even those who would prefer to see more of the national income spent for human welfare here on Earth must feel a grudging admiration for such enterprise.

VIETNAM

In The French Footsteps . . . .

Jonathan Kapstein

In the pleasantly dim officers' club at Vinh Long, South Vietnam, a 25-year-old U.S. Army lieutenant described what he had seen one time when soldiers of the Vietnamese 7th Infantry Division captured prisoners. "They had four, all suspected of being Vietcong—the first prisoners they had taken in a long time. They lined 'em up and shot the first man. Then they questioned the second. His answers were unsatisfactory, I guess, because they shot him too. The third man talked freely."

A helicopter pilot looked up from his Jack Daniels-and-Coke to relate what had happened to a captive he had been flying back from a battle area. A Vietnamese army officer yelled in the ear of the suspected guerrilla who was tied hand and foot. The man did not respond, so the officer and a Vietnamese soldier heaved him, struggling against his ropes, out of the UH-1B helicopter from 2,900 feet. Then over the roar of the engine, the officer began to interrogate another prisoner who had watched wide-eyed. The answers must have been satisfactory, the flier said, because, though kicked and roughly handled, the guerrilla was alive to be marched off when the helicopter landed.

"But there's nothing we could do," said the American. "Over and over we're told that we are advisers and only advisers. I know it sounds silly when we fly combat missions and U.S. infantrymen go out on patrols, but we don't command the Vietnamese. If we interfere once in their chain of command, we are out."

His explanation for the callousness of the Vietnamese troops was nothing so glib as Oriental cruelty. What he described was a reaction to frustration. Vietnamese regulars have been fighting this war for twenty years, but they have rarely met the enemy face to face. They get shot at from all sides, ambushed on any road, attacked at night after conspirators inside a village have opened the gates; they hit back at the empty air. Small counterattacks are ferociously chopped up, larger ones—too large for the Vietcong—find only peasants working in the rice paddies, elephant grass or still forests. Another reason why the Vietnamese soldiers are brutal when interrogating the few they manage to capture is that the Vietcong, traveling fast and light, take no prisoners themselves, except those they need as political hostages.

The 1946-54 Indo-China war and the French inability to learn about the jungles and the people cost France 100,000 soldiers killed or missing, 140,000 wounded and $5 billion. The French found that so-called conventional warfare as fought in World War II, or even Korea, was of little use where the terrain was as effective as the guerrillas themselves in resisting armored sweeps and paratroop drops. The French could not believe—until it was too late—that peasants armed with old rifles could whip the products of St. Cyr and Sidi-bel-Abbes. It was only at the end that they set up mobile native commando teams in the Viet Minh rear, and then they had to abandon them at the armistice. The United States, meanwhile, suddenly afraid of the dangers of communism in Asia after the Korea experience, filled the gap left by the

Jonathan Kapstein recently returned from South Vietnam, where he was on assignment for the Houston Chronicle.

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departing French. Only the nationality changed; the tactics remained much the same.

The U.S. Army, despite its vaunted tradition of military flexibility, has never learned the French lesson. As a result, any threat to the South Vietnam Government has been met from the United States with more men and ever more military equipment. The number of advisers rose from 600 in 1955 to 6,000 in 1962 to 21,500 today.

One of the most dramatic military failures took place on January 2, 1963. American helicopters landed a 2,000-man Vietnamese force at Ap Bac in the Mekong River Delta. In the now-famous battle that followed, 200 Vietcong shot down five helicopters, killing three Americans, and then fought their way intact out of the encirclement.

But the American advisers seemed incapable of learning. Late last month, nearly two years later, 150 helicopters put down 1,100 Vietnamese 30 miles from Saigon in Binh Duong Province, while another 6,000 troops charged up in armored columns. When the napalm and rocket explosions cleared, the Vietcong were nowhere. They had left three days before. A stay-behind group killed ten Vietnamese soldiers on the ground and knocked down a helicopter, killing eleven more. The Vietnamese captured two guerrillas and three rifles.

Shortly before Operation Brushfire failed so spectacularly, I talked with one of the few advisers trying to beat the Vietcong at their own game. A 26-year-old Army lieutenant and a graduate in civil engineering, he looked 19 and all dressed up for his first ROTC drill. As an adviser to the commander of a Vietnamese Ranger company, he spends three weeks out of four on long-range patrols in the mountain rain forests of Central Vietnam near the Cambodian and Laotian borders. "We hike and hike and don't make much contact with the Vietcong," he said. "We meet them when they want us to—in an ambush. And we're not very successful at ambushing them either, for this is their countryside."

Gesturing at the mountains, he called the terrain a natural man trap and said his company could make half a mile an hour on a good trail; off the trail, they have made as little as 6 yards in a day. In the rain forests, a fighting front is 18 inches wide, the width of the trail. Soldiers are on the go, day after day, watching for camouflaged bamboo "punji" spikes in the paths, listening for the snick of a bolt, knowing that an entire battalion could be invisible on a parallel trail 10 yards away. It all takes its toll in the morale and nerve and lives of an elite force.

"What really hurts," the lieutenant said with the wry grin all combat men seem to affect when describing close calls, "is when we've needed air strikes, but the leaf canopy in the forests was too thick for us to see the planes or for them to see us. Even firing smoke grenades does no good. The colored smoke dissipates under the leaves." He candidly admitted there was little he could teach a Vietnamese army veteran of twenty years about jungle warfare. But he accused the Vietnamese troops of lacking initiative, then apologized saying that they had been fighting for too long without really knowing why. Commanders have no real links with Saigon, except the terrible link of realizing that they are fighting for a governmental vacuum.

What it comes to is that the Vietnamese and their American advisers are not fighting poor guerrillas, but a well-financed, well-armed, well-trained national revolution. And the gulf between the government and the people is often the result of an option taken by the people themselves.

In many areas of South Vietnam, the populace has not seen a government representative in a decade, except perhaps a tax collector accompanying troops. Much of the Delta and "Zone D," 45 miles northwest of Saigon, are wholly under Vietcong control and the Vietcong successfully infiltrate some 80 per cent of the nation while collecting taxes openly in twenty-nine provinces. One Buddhist in Saigon, a man employed by the Americans, estimated that 90 per cent of the guerrillas were fighting first as Vietnamese and only incidentally as Communists, despite the constant indoctrination from their cadre. Meanwhile, the Vietcong movement is now self-generating. Even the rare tactical victories for the government often result in psychological victories for the Vietcong.

Incident after incident is cited by U.S. Psychological Warfare experts in which the Vietcong have distributed leaflets and even photographs throughout a province after government troops have burned a village suspected of harboring Vietcong. A U.S. infantry adviser summed up the situation in Tay Ninh Province, not far from Saigon but held by the Viet Minh or Vietcong since 1945: "We shoot at anything that moves in Tay Ninh. We figure the whole place is Vietcong." A pilot in Can Tho, down south in the Delta, echoed him: "I've gotten so good with machine guns, I can knock off a Vietcong at the tiller of a sampan without coming near his woman or kids." He did not say how he distinguished a guerrilla from a farmer going to market, but presumably he agreed with his fellow adviser in Tay Ninh—"the whole place is Vietcong."

Often Vietcong terrorists will infiltrate a neutral village, fire at U.S. helicopters from that haven and run. U.S. helicopters bomb and strafe the village, leaving the survivors from these non-selective weapons converts to the Vietcong. In the same manner, terrorists will hurl a grenade into the market place of a loyal village. The immediate explosion kills villagers or troops or both, but the long-range effect is more deadly, for it proves to the villagers that government troops cannot protect them. Members of a Vietcong arm called the Dich Van have this job of ruining civilian belief in the Saigon government. Their mission is to isolate rural Vietnam, some 80 per cent of the people, from the towns. After a five-year lull from 1955 to 1960, the Dich Van reopened its push by murdering mayors, teachers and administrators at the rate of twenty-five a month in the beginning; the figure reached 6,000 by the end of 1960.

One result in the north was that Vietnamese troops could no longer hold the large, fertile Phuoc Valley. They pulled out last month and destroyed what was left of troop morale in the area, as well as the willingness of the people to believe in the central government. Anyone who cooperated with the government is probably on an execution or—at the least—re-education list. In the same area, a U.S. Army medic bitterly related the results of a day he and his team spent with 600 villagers: "We passed out medicine and soap and human care. All

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Associated Press

it would have taken was one man to whisper 'Vietcong tonight' or 'Be careful.' But no one did, and that night the Vietcong came through the village and nearly overran my camp. We fought hand to hand and took bad casualties, but finally beat them off."

The medic, like so many U.S. advisers in Vietnam, was aware that the war cannot make any headway without first winning the people. But no one is sure how to do it. The ill-fated Strategic Hamlet plan fell apart because many relocations were only on paper, many new villages were indefensible, and above all, to many of the peasants involved, it resembled a concentration-camp scheme. After two years, only 15 per cent of the Strategic Hamlets were still in existence and Ngo Dinh Diem had fallen.

Today the Strategic Hamlets are called New Life Hamlets and the latest tactic is the "Oil Slick." Americans and Vietnamese have finally realized that vast military sweeps through an area do little good—though Operation Brushfire showed that they still cling wistfully to the idea. What counts is not simply clearing an area, but holding it firm to the government, then spreading the area of influence, much as an oil slick spreads across concrete. The scheme, however, probably will not work. The French did well with the Oil Slick against the Riff rebels in North Africa in the 1920s, but it requires open spaces and an ability to cut off guerrillas from their bases. In the jungles and mountains of Vietnam the guerrillas and the population base are one and the same.

Vietcong guerrilla units have meanwhile continued the tactic of isolating the cities from the countryside, particularly around the large port of Da Nang. While the heavily mechanized Vietnamese units, under the guidance of American advisers who remember Korea, keep looking nervously north across the 17th Parallel, the Vietcong are now drawing them into pitched battles, instead of the usual hit-run tactics. "They're either matching us man for man out of desperation because they're losing, or out of confidence because they're winning. I think they're winning," said a grim, realistic U.S. Army colonel. "If they're willing to stand and take losses like that, they must be sure they can get replacements from the villages."

U.S. military men are aware of some disquieting facts. One is the discipline of the supposedly ragged and untrained guerrillas. To an unusual degree, the Vietcong carry off their dead and wounded when forced to retreat. Vietcong intelligence and counterintelligence are magnificent: Operation Brushfire fizzled because the Vietcong had been tipped off. Furthermore, captured U.S. arms are rarely recaptured. The few guerrilla weapons picked up on the battlefield are usually a Chinese-made mass-production model of a simple Russian carbine (not at all the reported homemade weapons). Somehow and for some purpose, U.S. weapons and ammunition are being stockpiled.

U.S. intelligence experts also have nightmares over the fact that the 30,000 Vietcong regulars who are organized into forty-five battalions rarely give battle; the 80,000 Vietcong regional and local guerrillas do most of the fighting. Ironically, the 30,000 regulars advise and support the guerrilla militia to much the degree that U.S. advisers work with Vietnamese troops.

Guerrilla warfare experts figure that ten government soldiers are needed to tie down one guerrilla. But Vietnam now fields only 250,000 regulars and 250,000 regional and local militia against a Vietcong strength of 110,000. And the present five-to-one advantage is slipping fast. One U.S. Marine major estimated that 90 per cent of the 33,000 who deserted last year from the Vietnamese army went over to the Vietcong.

The United States military, despite its public claims, does not know how to deal with the social and political problems of the nation. Where Army Special Forces employ civil and psychological action full strength, as with the Montagnards, it has some success. But these mountaineers are not much moved by blandishments from Saigon. There may be some progress in making anti-Communists out of the tribesmen and some in improving their standard of living, but none in eradicating their hatred of the lowland Vietnamese, who regard them as savages and still forbid them to own land. [See "With the 'Redskins' of Vietnam" by Daniel F. Ford, *The Nation*, July 27, 1964.]

The nonmilitary portion of American aid comes through the U.S. Operations Mission. The goal of USOM has been simply to help the Vietnamese wherever aid was most needed. The theory behind this is that any sort of improvement should wean the disaffected away from the Vietcong. "We aid those who respond," said a high source in his mahogany-paneled, air-conditioned Saigon office. Nevertheless, Bernard Fall cites USOM figures to show that in the three years of comparative peace before war broke out again in 1960, 50,000 square meters of movie houses and dance halls were constructed, in contrast to 6,500 square meters of hospital space and 3,500 square meters of rice mills. Only 86,000 square meters of school space were built, but 425,000 square meters went into high-priced housing. Says Fall, "This is the sort of thing that makes Communist guerrillas out of peaceful peasants."

Official Washington betrayed its

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continuing failure to understand the situation when it appointed a retired general as ambassador to Vietnam. The situation is neither conventional nor even primarily military. The appointment of U. Alexis Johnson as deputy ambassador did reveal some understanding that the problem must be solved by political means, but the question remains, whose politics and whose politicians? It must be remembered that General Taylor, who now discusses spreading the war to the north as well as full mobilization of the Vietnamese people, filed a surprising report to the President after a fact-finding mission in November, 1961. He had little to say then about the military emergency, but was extremely specific and hard-hitting on the need for civil liberties and social reforms. It would be a mistake, thus, to class Taylor with the usual military mastodons, but the fact remains that he sees the war in terms of attack and counterattack now that he is running the show.

On the other hand, the Vietcong link every military action to an overall political plan. As true followers of von Clausewitz, they use warfare as an extension of policy.

For these reasons, the Vietnamese war is frustrating to official Washington, to advisers on the scene, and to the poor Vietnamese soldiers. Expedient action in Vietnam and the constantly changing programs have not developed from any workable policy. The stated policy of helping the Vietnamese to create a viable, non-Communist democracy for themselves runs afoul of two facts: The population wants peace now, even with the Vietcong, and the Vietcong themselves are more generic to the Vietnamese people than any government in Saigon. Is U.S. aid now building up a plum for a Vietcong take-over? USOM administrators admit privately that it is a strong probability. Despite official USOM protestations, the $242 million allocated for aid in the last fiscal year was spent on a number of shotgun programs, many of which may have aided the Vietcong locally more than they helped establish the reality of the Saigon government to the peasants.

Dean Acheson once described the downfall of the Chinese Nationalist Government by saying that the people did not overthrow it, for there was nothing to overthrow. "They simply ignored it throughout the country." That could well be the fate of any government in Saigon, daily more isolated from the people and even the army, despite massed American support and "advice."

NO FAIR!

The Students Strike at California . . Gene Marine

San Francisco

The Free Speech Movement (FSM) at the University of California burst into headlines across the country with the sit-in by 1,000 students in Sproul Hall on Wednesday afternoon, December 2, and with the arrest, on Thursday, of 800 of them. The issue underlying the sit-in we can reserve until this story of The Day of the Cops is told.

At first it looked like a weak protest. FSM leader Mario Savio came out of Sproul Hall—the administration building on the Berkeley campus—to call for more support. But by mid-afternoon, about 1,000 students occupied all four floors. At 7 P.M. the building was officially closed, and the law, students were told, was officially violated. Campus police guarded every door, but no attempt was made to remove the students. Inside with the demonstrators were several reporters (some with tape recorders) and one attorney.

Before the building closed, students left aisles for movement and were careful not to block doorways. After 7 o'clock, they set up their own "press room," a food distribution center and a communications system. Jewish students conducted a Chanukah service. Two locked rest-rooms were opened, but carefully, by removing the hinges.

Off the campus, about 150 deputies from the Alameda County Sheriff's office gathered, along with a contingent of Berkeley police and a sizable group from the California Highway Patrol. Also among the poised group of lawmen were about 200 policemen from neighboring Oakland—a police force notorious throughout northern California, particularly among Negroes.

University President Clark Kerr and Gov. Edmund G. Brown were both, as it happened, in Los Angeles. As the sit-in continued in what all witnesses agree was an orderly manner, Edwin Meese, deputy district attorney of Alameda County, phoned Governor Brown that the situation was out of hand and that enforcement action was imperative. Brown consulted with Kerr and with the president of the university's Board of Regents, department-store magnate Edward V. Carter. The three agreed that intervention by the police was necessary, and Brown gave the order.

Meese and the army of policemen moved onto the campus. FSM leaders, who had set up a public-address system inside the building, advised all demonstrators under 18, all foreign students, and one who might be on probation to leave. Meese then pointed out the first arrestee: the attorney, Robert Truehaft.

With him out of the way, the police began at the top floor, arresting one demonstrator at a time, varying the order only to single out leaders. Carrying tape recorders, they addressed demonstrators individually, taking the name, then offering the option of dispersal, then making the arrest. Refusal to get up and walk (most refused) was also recorded. Students weren't advised at this point, however, of their right to counsel—an omission on which some law professors believe their cases may eventually turn. Each arrestee was photographed with a number and taken to the basement.

Months of civil rights demonstrations have taught metropolitan police officers everywhere to handle "limp" demonstrators; it requires two officers per demonstrator, and it can be efficient and painless. In Sproul Hall, however, police chose to drag the students, male and

Gene Marine, editor and journalist, specializes in the West Coast scene.

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female, by twisting their arms into hammer locks, bending their wrists cruelly backward, and hauling them so that the pressure was on their twisted wrists and their shoulder sockets. One girl was pushed into the elevator on her face from several feet away. It should be stressed that there were reporters on the scene—but the police didn't always know it. Downstairs, they were letting no reporters go up.

After about forty arrests had been made, the police saw that the process was taking too long. They withdrew temporarily (the students now call this "the coffee break"), and when they returned had apparently decided to get rough. The new plan was to bring women down in the elevator, and men by the narrow marble stairs, although a few unfortunate women also made it down the stairs. Some were brought down by arms or shoulders, but reporters present say that most were hauled by their feet. One conscientious reporter counted the marble steps as he followed a girl whose head jarred sickeningly as she was dragged down. There were ninety.

As buses were filled, the men were taken to the Alameda County Prison Farm at Santa Rita, the women to Oakland County Jail (until it was full—then they too went to Santa Rita). The first busload of male demonstrators, whose arrests had begun three hours before, arrived at Santa Rita at 6:20 A.M., Truehaft among them. They were placed in a large cage, or bull pen, and Truehaft again asked, as he had in the Sproul basement, to make the two telephone calls which California law grants all arrestees as soon as is reasonably possible after arrest. He was refused, and when he insisted he was placed in an isolation cell. A judge's phone call got him out at 10 A.M.

Booking involved a long questionnaire, which included questions about religion and nationality, and the arrestee's signature to a statement authorizing Oakland police to open his mail. Students who balked were told that unless they cooperated and answered all questions "correctly" and signed the form, their booking would not be considered complete and they would not be allowed telephone calls or bail.

Back in Sproul Hall, the students' public-address system was still functioning, with the microphone located near the head of the stairs on the second floor, and protected by a mass of demonstrators. As a reporter stood by describing the scene into a tape recorder, the police undertook what the students now call "the charge of the Highway Patrol." (The reporters on the scene seem to have assumed that they were highway patrolmen without making positive identification.)

In any case, a mass of police suddenly burst up the stairwell from the first floor, in a flying wedge aimed at the microphone. Whether by accident or design, they crowded students against the stairwell walls and formed a double line, with a space between, down to the first floor. At the top, moving toward the microphone, they simply took each demonstrator who was in the way and shoved him or her down the stairs. Policemen on the double line operated as a gauntlet. A student whose body stopped halfway down the stairwell was picked up and thrown again. At the bottom, witnesses saw a deputy sheriff raise one limp girl as she landed, say something to her and when she shook her head, smash his fist into her face.

At the top, the policemen had their clubs out and were pounding furiously on the demonstrators around the microphone. Witnesses outside the building, in the plaza, could see through the huge second-floor windows, and insist that the clubs were used not sporadically and at random but slowly, methodically, repeatedly. As quickly as the charge began, it ended. They got the microphone, but the students had another.

On Thursday afternoon, I watched the end of The Day of the Cops. There was no civilian authority anywhere on the campus. President Kerr was still in Los Angeles. Chancellor Edward Strong, chief Berkeley administrator (Kerr runs all nine university campuses), had disappeared. The University of California was completely in the hands of police. In every window of Sproul Hall a police guard was visible. There were guards on every door. Police patrolled the campus.

The Free Speech Movement

Student groups at the University of California have for years used an area at one of the principal campus entrances, Sather Gate, to set up tables in support of candidates or, more often, ideas: to distribute materials, to collect money, to recruit members for campus organizations, etc. Technically, there has long been a rule against such "political" activity, but the administration has pretended not to notice.

In June, during the Republican National Convention, "Students for Scranton" set up a table at Sather Gate. The head of the California Goldwater delegation, William Knowland—publisher of the Oakland *Tribune*, former United States Senator, and dominant figure in East Bay politics — protested to Chancellor Strong. When the fall semester began, Dean of Students Katherine Towle announced that the old rule would be strictly enforced: no recruiting, fund raising or "mounting political and social action." The outraged cry of "No fair!" was the beginning of the Free Speech Movement—originally, and still in part, an organization of campus organizations.

The groups hardest hit were those supporting civil rights activity, especially SNCC and CORE. Knowland's newspaper is the target of a months'-old anti-discrimination picket line, and most FSM members believe that the publisher complained, not to protect Goldwater but to protect the *Tribune*.

Also, U.C. students had participated in sit-in demonstrations in San Francisco earlier in the year, and subsequently stood trial. Seri-

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ous political pressure was brought to have the university discipline them—even expel them—but Kerr, backed by many of the faculty, took no action. Some observers saw the new decision as a protection against any future accusation that such activities had an on-campus origin.

At any rate, the students resisted, and on September 30 the university "indefinitely suspended" six of them for "illegal" activity at tables near Sather Gate, and two others for participation in "illegal" meetings. The next day, Jack Weinberg, a graduate student in mathematics who had dropped out of U.C. to give his full time to civil rights, manned a CORE table in the plaza (an open area near Sather Gate) and was arrested for trespassing and taken to a campus police car.

A crowd of angry students, eventually reaching 3,000 (one of every nine enrolled) surrounded the car and refused to let it move. It stayed there for thirty-two hours, while hundreds of police massed on nearby streets and student speakers used the car itself as a platform to address the gathering. Simultaneously with the "police-car protest," a Sproul Hall sit-in took place.

The protest persuaded the administration to negotiate with the students, which it had previously refused to do. The demonstration was called off and Weinberg released when an agreement was reached on October 2. Principally it provided that the fate of the eight students would be turned over to the Academic Senate Committee on Student Conduct, which would recommend action to the administration (many students missed that point); and that a student-faculty-administration committee would examine the whole question of "political behavior on the campus."

But the Academic Senate (i.e., the tenured faculty) didn't *have* a Student Conduct Committee. The Chancellor therefore appointed a Faculty Committee on Student Affairs to hear the cases of the suspended students; he also appointed the Campus Committee on Political Activity, with four members each from administration, faculty and student body—two of the student seats being given to the FSM.

Students complained that the administration was not showing good faith. The FSM refused to recognize the administration-dominated CCPA as meeting the terms of the October 2 agreement. But in mid-October, Kerr restored hope by asking the Academic Senate to appoint its own Student Conduct Committee to handle the suspensions (which the senate could have done on its own, but hadn't), and enlarging the CCPA to eighteen members, with four seats for the FSM.

The worst of the storm seemed to be over, but the public, at least, was seriously confused. So far, it had read of an argument over whether student groups could put up tables and collect money. Nobody said "civil rights" out loud. When the CCPA meetings started, however, the FSM quickly discovered that its administration and faculty members insisted on regulating the *content* of the "free speech" involved. This issue was "not negotiable"; in fact, the FSM insists that the administration refused to negotiate at all—that they merely proposed various formulas on a take-it-or-leave-it basis. The students continued to insist that they could advocate as they saw fit, without arbitrary curbs from the administration.

It must be stressed that setting up tables was never the real issue. The real issue was, and is, the civil rights movements. Therefore, it was over "advocacy" that the talks broke down.

If a student, on campus, recruits others for an off-campus activity which the student knows to be illegal, the university claims the right to punish him. Students argue, however, that the university has no right to punish the student for what amounts to criminal advocacy until the civil authorities charge him and find him guilty. If civil authorities don't find the advocacy illegal, or don't act against it, then the student should be immune from university discipline.

To make it more involved: suppose nobody knows whether or not the advocated off-campus action is illegal? Some of those at the San Francisco sit-ins were found guilty, others innocent, by different juries. Was advocating the sit-in "illegal"? And the question becomes all but hopeless if the student is recruiting for a probably legal activity—like a picket line—which later turns into a possibly illegal one—like a sit-in. How can the university, on its own, arbitrarily decide when a student is "advocating unlawful off-campus activity"? Guilt, the FSM argues, must be judicially determined. ("Judicially determined" is taken to refer to final determination after all appeal possibilities are exhausted.)

Hidden in the question of setting up tables is the idea that even the United States Supreme Court has had a great deal of difficulty over the link between advocacy and action. If the Supreme Court hesitates to make this connection, the FSM argues, the university administration is certainly not qualified to make it arbitrarily.

Finally, in early November, the FSM withdrew from the CCPA, calling it "already deadlocked over the issue of political advocacy." Tables went up again; deans took the names of students manning them; tension rose. The CCPA's six faculty members then proposed that the tables, fund raising, etc., be allowed, but that if off-campus action were *judicially determined* to be illegal, its on-campus organizers should be subject to university discipline. The FSM rejected this, because it still allowed the administration to judge "advocacy"; but both sides seemed to regard it as a possible basis for more discussions. At about the same time, the faculty's Student Conduct Committee recommended that the suspensions of the eight students be lifted, with only mild notes in the record, and criticized the administration for "gratuitously" singling them out.

With at least the principle of judicial determination apparently recognized, and with the conciliatory Student Conduct Committee report (many students thought that the administration had agreed in advance to accept it), the FSM looked forward to a regents meeting in Berkeley on November 20. Three FSM leaders, including the dynamic Mario Savio, planned to speak there. Hopes were high.

Between 4,000 and 5,000 students—15 per cent of the student body—gathered on a lawn opposite the building in which the regents meeting was held. Inside, the regents first refused to hear the FSM leaders. Then Kerr recommended more severe penalties for those suspended than had been recommended by the faculty group. And, ignoring the ten-point proposal of the faculty members and the whole concept of judicial determination, he offered a single new rule, providing that certain campus facilities

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". . . may be used . . . for planning, implementing, raising funds, recruiting participants for lawful off-campus action, not for unlawful off-campus action."

"Students," said the San Francisco *Chronicle*, "stood and sat in stunned silence, and many of the coeds burst into tears." Thousands of students were (and are) convinced that the regents and Kerr had revealed themselves as "finks" —that they betrayed completely any trust the students or faculty may have placed in them. The assembled students voted for a sit-in the following Monday, and they conducted it in Sproul Hall for a few hours to show their indignation.

There seemed no place to turn. In the eyes of the public, the students appeared to have won. They had protested about the tables and the fund raising—well, they got the tables and the fund raising, didn't they? Few understood that the real issue was advocacy.

At that point, the FSM may have been beaten, but on November 27, the university sent letters (now called "The Thanksgiving Letters") to four FSM leaders, summoning them to disciplinary action for their roles in the "police-car demonstration" two months before. The initiation of disciplinary action against six campus organizations, including SNCC and CORE, was also announced. All except die-hard anti-student forces now agree that the FSM had every reason to believe it had been outrageously tricked. In bitter, frustrated anger, with hundreds of students cheering, FSM leaders presented five demands as the price of avoiding a sit-in:

(*1*) The dropping of all charges against FSM leaders and organizations;
(2) a guarantee against further disciplinary action until a final settlement;
(3) no *unnecessary* regulations against political activity on campus;
(*4*) an attempt by Kerr to persuade the regents that only the courts should regulate the *content* of on-campus political expression;
(5) agreement that the *form* of such expression (location on campus, use of sound equipment, etc.) should be determined by a student-faculty-administration committee.

The demands were ignored, and The Day of the Cops began.

Graduate students, assembled into an astonishingly democratic

body, called a strike as soon as the police moved in—a strike certainly effective enough to be seriously disruptive. A large segment—almost certainly a majority—of the faculty was sharply critical of the administration. A much-heralded "peace plan" a few days later turned out to ignore the advocacy question, and further offended students because it was worked out in detail and handed down from on high without any consultation with them.

The fight is not yet over. As of this writing there is a lull, for the Academic Senate on December 8 offered a new compromise settlement that was enthusiastically endorsed by the students. Kerr, however, has said that the proposal involves basic changes of policy which will have to be studied by the board of regents. The regents meet on December 18, so Berkeley could have fireworks for Christmas.

But whatever the outcome, one already evident result is that the faculty is awake and involved—The Day of the Cops did that. When the university has to be turned over to the Oakland police, something must be seriously wrong—and many faculty members think they know what it is.

The Multiversity

The word is Clark Kerr's. He also speaks of "the military-industrial complex"—not with the faintly derogatory tone which even Dwight Eisenhower gave it, but as a simple description of what's there. And the multiversity, Kerr says, must not only come to terms with the complex; it should "invite" collaboration.

The role of the multiversity, he said in the 1963 Godkin Lectures, is that of a "factory," which produces ideas in the form of research, and idea men in the form of graduates for the use of the military, industry and the government. In return, the multiversity is paid in grants and contracts. The university president's role, he said, is that of mediator in this process—and mediator to the community, because the multiversity "is particularly sensitive to the pressure of its many particular publics."

The administration of the University of California *is* Clark Kerr. Chancellor Strong, a distinguished philosopher, is as an administrator little more than a rubber stamp; to know Kerr is to know "the administration." Assistant Professor John Leggett, of the department of sociology at Berkeley, believes that in Kerr's writings lie the keys to the FSM and The Day of the Cops.)

All of us who witnessed that day were puzzled to understand how such a situation could have come to pass. That it involved "administrative ineptitude," in one professor's phrase, was undeniable; whatever their motives, Brown, Kerr and Strong were all convicted of ineptitude by the fact that the police were not only present on the campus but in command of it. That it involved student intransigence was equally undeniable; at the very least, there was little honest effort in the FSM to see the other side objectively. But why the ineptitude and why the intransigence?

The key to the first question, Leggett suggests, is in the relationship between Kerr's multiversity and the civil rights movement. As a number of observers have pointed out, the civil rights movement is genuinely revolutionary; it threatens a number of established standards. As one example, a completely new look at the economy is necessary if we are genuinely to open the job market to Negroes at a time when automation dominates the future.

This, in turn, is an open threat to the military-industrial complex. In the process of Kerr's "invited" collaboration, the civil rights movement on campus is disruptive, and being disruptive, it must be stopped.

Clark Kerr is far from being an evil man; few university presidents, in California or elsewhere, have shown as much concern for freedom. But he is caught, it would seem, in the dilemma of his concepts. He would doubtless be horrified at the idea of deliberately collaborating with racism; but from the point of view of the civil rights movement, that is what his concept of the multiversity requires. "There are some things," he said in the Godkin Lectures, "that should not

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be compromised—then the mediator needs to become a gladiator." The point is as valid as it is apt. But Kerr also says that students may not use the university as "a fortress from which they can sally forth with impunity to make their attacks on society."

Perhaps the best comment on those two quotations is in a statement adopted unanimously by the anthropology faculty on The Day of the Cops, in which they said that the issue on the campus is the civil rights movement, and that the administration must recognize its dynamism and decide clearly whether it is for or against—without hiding behind euphemisms like "off-campus political activity." Or, one might add, "attacks on society."

There are, of course, matters of law and order, and democratic procedure. But to the FSM, it seems that *their* appeals to law and order and democratic procedure go unheeded. The administration, they argue, has all the power—arbitrary power, from the students' point of view—and, like Negroes, the students are not treated as equals, not allowed a sufficient governing role in their own affairs, forced into a second-class status. Thus, like Negroes and their supporters, the students turn to new weapons—the mass demonstration, the march, the sit-in. Yet, rightly or wrongly, most of us (or perhaps most of us over 30) would have bent a little, would have sought the common interest, would have worked at the behind-the-scenes political side a little harder. Why insist on a total victory which is so hopeless from the start?

Leggett refers — not without amusement, but yet seriously—to a paper co-authored by Kerr and dealing with the relative propensity of some labor unions to become involved in protracted, class-struggle-type strikes. The paper examines the characteristics of those workers—longshoremen, miners, loggers — who tend to be most militant as union members, whose labor disputes become polarized, who are disposed, in a word, to be intransigent.

First of all, their working conditions are usually terrible—they have the hardest, dirtiest jobs. Second, they tend to be isolated from the "respectable," middle-class elements in the community. Third, they are apt to be homogeneous—frequently there is an ethnic identity. Fourth, as a result of these factors, they form closed communities — they have their own folk-dancing groups or hang out in their own bars or whatever, so that there is a lot of internal communication to counter the isolation from the community.

It needs little imagination for anyone who has ever been on a university or college campus to apply these criteria to that group of students who tend to be well informed and what we used to call socially conscious. The conditions under which they can pursue their own intellectual and political interests are abominable. They're isolated, often voluntarily, from the fraternity-sorority, rah-rah life of the "respectable element." In their isolation, they form their own groups; their talk is cross talk; they dig music and poetry, political theory and political action that is foreign to the middle-class orientation of most students and most faculty members.

And out of this isolation comes distrust — distrust of a university administration that can bend to a Knowland, distrust of anybody over 30, distrust of anyone who seems to be paternal or patronizing. A promise is a promise, and fair is fair, and why all this pussyfooting around?

Balance and perspective, and a willingness to look at the other guy's side, do not come from such an environment. The tragedy of the University of California would seem to be that there was no third force—one is tempted to say, in Clark Kerr's words, no "mediator"—to bring balance and perspective to the polarized positions. The role would seem to have belonged to the faculty—not a few individuals, but the body as a whole; certainly many faculty members now think so. But beyond that, there are a few who have a more radical position (a position, incidentally, with which Mario Savio appears to agree): that the university ought in fact, not merely in principle, to be run by the students and the faculty. In Savio's phrase, the job of the administration should be merely "to see that the sidewalks get swept."

"We on the faculty," Leggett says, "have allowed the administration, over the years, to take the university away from us, to turn it into the multiversity. It isn't easy, but we're going to have to try to take it back. The students and the faculty, together, should control the university. The administration should administrate."

Moments in a Southern Town

'THIS LITTLE LIGHT . . .'

Peter de Lissovoy

Two hours after the President put his name to the civil rights bill last July, Nathaniel "Spray-man" Beech pulled open the wood-and-glass front door of the Holiday Inn restaurant in Albany, Ga., and dashed, like musical chairs, to the very first table he saw. In a near corner, a plump, brown-suited woman popped a white hand to her full mouth, but let escape: "Oh my soul and body!" To the right, a child pointed, and its mother slapped the tiny hand and whispered urgently. Spray-man tucked a shirt wrinkle into his black, high-pegged trousers, removed his shades, studied a water glass.

In the split moment that the door stood open, Phyllis Martin, a SNCC field worker from New York, had slipped in before him. Her skin is soft mahogany, her hair natural, a silver-black bowl about her head. She stood, dark-eyed, staring around the dining room, and I came up, after Spray-man, and stood next to her. When the wax-smiling head waitress approached, Phyllis raised her eyes a little and pointed sternly, and the waitress obediently led the way to a central table. After a mo-

Peter de Lissovoy, a frequent Nation *contributor, was until recently a campaign writer for C. B. King, the first Negro candidate for Congress from south Georgia since Reconstruction.*

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ment Spray-man summoned up his long limbs, rose, breathing deep and joined us; and by the time we had ordered he was holding down a nervous grin.

But when his steak arrived, Spray-man could hardly eat it. "Jus' ain' hungry," he apologized, more to the meat than anything else. He mopped his forehead with a handkerchief, and leaned over to explain: "What it is, I was expectin' everything but this. I was expectin' this waitress to say, 'Would y'all min' fallin' back out that door you jus' come in at?' The niceness got my appetite, I guess."

At this time, Spray-man was operating a shoeshine stand—among other things, for to "spray" is to hustle—in the entrance way of the Beehive Bar in Albany's Harlem. In his few years, he has seen a great deal of this country and taken his meals from many tables; yet here was one at which he had never expected to sit—nor ever wanted to. The white man could walk as he pleased on *his* side of town, but let him watch his step in Harlem: that was the geography of Spray-man's pride. And yet, improvised from a harsh reality though his was, pride hates all boundaries, and I was hardly surprised when he told me he wanted to come along when we tried out the new law. If he was supposed to have a right, he would enjoy it—once anyway. In the car, he was full of cracks; and then, in front of the restaurant, I felt him grow tense. A sense of Southern realities deeper than his pride told him he would have to fight, go to jail perhaps, and he was ready.

But the waitress was icily gracious all during the meal. Such was the strength of the President's signature. Nobody sat at the tables directly adjacent to ours, but nobody got up and left. Everybody stared or took pains to avoid staring. Nearest to us, a family of five giggled and glanced as if galloping through some marvelous adventure.

"Reminds me of up North," said Phyllis.

"What—the stares?" I suggested.

"Yeah . . . and the music." From some hidden orifice, the tensionless, sexless music that you hear in airplanes before take-off was falling like gray rain. We decided that the next thing would be to integrate the *sounds* of places.

Spray-man gave up on his steak about halfway through. When Phyllis finished, the waitress descended upon her plates like a cheery vulture, hurrying us. Abruptly, we were weary. "You 'bout ready?" Phyllis asked. I scraped up a little more and we rose. Spray-man left the waitress an exorbitant tip.

All heads turned to watch us leave. Several white men followed us from the foyer into the parking lot. I started the motor and we rolled out into the street. Spray-man looked out the window. "Well . . ." he started; and then again, "Well . . ." Phyllis turned to him. "What's the matter? Doesn't progress make you happy?"

* * * * * * * * *

At about 2 in the morning, Sunday, July 12, Bo Riggins, manager and part-owner of the Cabin in the Pines, tapped me on the shoulder and nodded toward the door. The "Pines" is a bar and dance hall, a key club, a motel, and a restaurant all strung out beneath some scraggly Georgia pine on a lonely road just south of the Albany city limits. With some white money behind it and Bo Riggins fully at the mercy of the Dougherty County police, who are a good deal more rabid than the very rabid city cops, the nightspot had formerly been "black only." When the civil rights bill became law, I took a certain pleasure in seeing it integrated.

But, following me outside this night, Riggins was a frightened man. Sure, he conceded to me, though I had said nothing, there was the new law; but since when had *law* meant anything around here? Somebody might not know who I was. I might get cut, or shot, and where would he be then? He didn't have anything against me personally—nor my color—but he had to think of his business. Couldn't I understand? He paused; but before I could respond, he blurted, "Ah! Here the police now."

Sure enough, a county patrol car had rolled up, and two uniformed men were sauntering over.

"This boy causin' any disturbance?"

"No suh, but I'm scared they be some trouble. It's late. . . ."

"You want him off yo premises?"

"He ain' did nothin', but ita be bes' I think. I don' want him aroun'. . . ."

My mouth full of the irony of it all, I was packed off quickly to the county jail, charged with trespassing and drunk-and-disorderly—the latter a simple frame and the former a matter of law. The chief deputy told me that he didn't know what the country was coming to, and he grew red in the face. He introduced me at the "tank" door ("Comin' up, anothuh nigguh-lovuh . . ."), and I was pitched, biting my lips, into the company of a check-artist, an escapee, a dognapper, two mattress thieves, a wife-beater, a safe-cracker and assorted winos—all very white and proud of it.

The next day, in Harlem, a col-

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lection was started for my bond money; but that was going to take time. A friend of mine, a Baptist deacon and old schoolmate of Bo Riggins, paid the man a call to bawl him out and ask him to drop charges: "Now the whites startin' to do right, we can't one of us keep the wrong alive." This was simplifying matters somewhat, because it was white pressure of course that made Riggins do what he had done; but he was the visible opposition. And he was obstinate. Indignation spread in the black community, and was frustrated.

But the reaction among Negroes might have been anticipated. The sentiments of the white men with whom I had to live for a week in jail were a bit more complicated. Had I been arrested while participating in the standard sort of demonstration or sit-in, their response would have been straightforward: open hostility and perhaps the convening of a kangaroo court, with a beating or jail fine as sentence. But as it was, the two initial reactions were a sneering, almost moral disapproval, as if I had been arrested for public indecency, and a simple, stark astonishment that I could have been so stupid, so lacking in imagination, as to think that I could get away with "mixin'" in south Georgia.

Jail is a place for talking, like a barbershop. In a south Georgia jail, all are friends, if not kin, and the jailbirds pass their time reminiscing, berating mutual acquaintances, and reassuring one another of their deeper innocence. There were three real talkers in the cell with me: the escapee, who had sawed through the bars with a file smuggled to him in a bag of crushed ice, only to trip over a sleeping dog a few feet from the jail; one of the mattress thieves, who claimed to have stolen all manner of valuables in his career, only to suffer the irony of being framed as a $5 mattress-pincher; and the fat, hairy safe-cracker, who spent the time he wasn't talking trying to seduce the dognapper, a rosy-cheeked 18-year-old, who threw shoes and tobacco cans at him. Inevitably, my presence injected "race" into every day's bull session. I remember one fragment. The safe-cracker was off chasing his indignant prey; the unsuccessful escapee, the mattress thief and I were leaning on an improvised sofa at one end of the cell:

UE: The new law . . .

MT: What new law?

UE: The nigguh *law. Jesus! The civil rights law. It's gonna change* some *things, but mos' alla life down heah gonna go on jes' the same. . . .*

MT: It ain' gonna change me. It ain' nothin' but anothuh civil wah gonna change me an' then they hafta shoot me 'fo I sit down t' table with one a them.

UE [turning to me]: *You see how it is down heah?* [He reached over and pinched the thief's cheek.] *This heah a Southern white man. But overlook it. S'posin' it works an' we all mixed up in the hotels an' restaur'ants. So what? After a while, somebody gonna get tired a the bad feelin'—nigguhs or the white folk one—an' they'll stop comin'. This law ain't gonna mean shit along the whole run a life.*

I had to agree; after all, I was in jail because of my little bit of confidence in the new law. I didn't tell him that I wished the act had some teeth in it; I didn't tell him that I wanted federal armies to make it work, that I wanted stronger, wider legislation in the future. As a matter of fact, there were a whole lot of banners I wasn't waving. I was doing what in a black man would be called "Tomming"—and I was glad I knew how. I wasn't going to get my head broken trying to reform men that nobody—from Jesus to Johnson—could have swayed.

Later in the week, a tall, solid fellow with snakes inked up and down his arms was led in to "sober up." He never got the chance—or perhaps it was a ruse from the start. One of the deputies took a good look at his face and build and promised him a pint of whiskey if he would knock me down a few

times. But the others were not much for it; they had gotten used to me and, if they weren't about to lay hands on him in my defense, they weren't going to encourage him either. Most of the fun for him would have been in the applause, so I got off with *buying* him a pint. Liquor can always be had for a price on the Dougherty County Jail black market, though you can't be too sure of your brand. It came in a large, waxed dixie cup. He got properly loaded then, and it was necessary to lose heavily at blackjack to keep him peaceful.

In the end, most of the jailbirds came to pity me. "Boy, that ol' judge gonna hang yo' ass. This south *Georgia*, boy, you can't get away with things like maybe in New York. . . ." And when it came to the pinch, it was the law that was the enemy. They kidded me almost warmly when I was called out for the commitment hearing that Attorney C. B. King had arranged. " 'Lessen that nigguh lawyer a yours do some mighty fine talkin', we gonna see you back 'fo long. Save you a place in the game."

The judge dismissed both charges. Bo Riggins couldn't remember anyone who had seen me "drunk and disorderly" and I had several witnesses to swear that I was neither. The judge did not seem to have heard of the civil rights law—or at least considered it irrelevant and inapplicable to the trespassing charge; but he had to dismiss it when Riggins admitted that he never actually asked me to leave, but rather just complied with the apparent wishes of the police in the matter.

It seemed to have gone amazingly smoothly. Outside, Attorney King explained why: An election was imminent. My case was virtually unknown in the white community; the newspapers had made nothing out of it. So the judge could gain nothing by sending me back to jail, and he just might catch a few black votes if he did the "nigguh lawyer" a favor. I wondered if the jailbirds would figure it out. A little later I sent them some ice cream. I was going back to the "Pines" and I didn't know but that I would be seeing them again.

* * * * * * * * *

Early on a Saturday afternoon some days later, a dark, gawky boy in jeans and sport shirt was rigging a microphone and amplifier in the barren front yard of an unpainted

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clapboard house in Harlem. He placed two boxes before the mike, sat upon one, lowered the silver head of the device to the level of his mouth, and then produced a guitar which he picked idly until a great, black woman in pink flowing robes and blue-cloth crown poured suddenly from the house porch and heaved down beside him. She took the guitar and commenced tuning it, hummed and tuned, hummed and tuned, until a crowd had started. And then she sang.

Her voice was weary but warm, thick but expressive, a blues voice. She sang religious songs and old ballads and songs made popular by the Movement. Her favorite, the one she repeated most often during the day and evening, was a talking blues that roved around the chorus: "Oh, there was a death in Dallas that day. . . ." It was not so much ominous or foreboding as just terribly regretful, a sighing, head-shaking exclamation of loss. Like each of her songs, the Kennedy-blues worked into a sermon, the substance of which was invariably "trust in the Lord, who giveth and taketh away, for they ain't nothin' else trustworthy" (with a few minor forays into such areas as the evil inherent in woman). Then she passed the hat.

The crowd of listeners was always large. I was in Harlem that day and stayed until nearly midnight, listening to her. At about 8 in the evening, the size of her audience reached its peak, spilling over a curbstone in one direction, backing into a gas station in another. There were sharecroppers, factory workers, housewives; dancing, scurrying children; the celebrated and gently lunatic old woman who checks the doors and windows of all the business establishments in Harlem shortly after midnight every night and reports to the cop on the beat any unusual discoveries, happy tonight, shouting, grinning; and the occasional hipster, sheepish at being in this crowd, at wanting to be there, an eye cocked for the running mate who would most surely call sarcastically, "Hey baby, got 'ligion? Go on now—get happy!" About 8:30, a late-model Chevrolet rolled to a halt at the edge of the gathering, and three young white men got out, slamming doors, and moved into the singing crowd.

One of them immediately engaged a Negro youth in nervous, eyes-flicking conversation. The second, a tall and rake-thin fellow, with long, narrow sideburns, began, modestly, to enjoy himself, clapping and singing in perfect rhythm, his face glowing slightly. The third was drunk. For minutes, he seemed uncertain about what was happening or where he was; then, when things began to clear, he started singing and clapping too—or rather shouting hoarsely and beating his hands together at arbitrary and irregular intervals. At this display, his tall friend was shocked to the point of fright. He tried to get the drunk to the car, gave it up when he grew red and loud and stiffly resistant, and then simply moved away, attempting to dissociate himself.

For a long time, the drunken white boy was merely a tiny shallows in a great, fast river, really offensive only to the thinning few around him. Then, suddenly, as if responding to some vision or internal force, he strode violently forward and demanded the microphone from the ironically—and tolerantly—smiling lady preacher, to ask: "What y'all starin' at us fo'? We white—sho. But that ain' no reason to stare. The bill a rights done been pass'! We got a right. We gonna stay, an I'm gonna as' this kin' lady to sing *This lil' light a mine* fo' the white people a Albany, G-A, who need it, God knows. . . ."

The drunk's two friends were visibly mortified. Not at what he had said, but at his having said anything at all—at his having drawn unnecessary and additional attention to their presence. The first intensified his dialogue with the Negro youth as if to shut out the awful reality of what had just happened. In a moment, the taller, side-burned white man had seized his swaying buddy around the shoulders and bundled him, yelling and protesting, off to their car. The talker trotted to catch up. The car roared and the tall white waved an apologetic and helpless goodby from the driver's wheel. The drunk was slumped in the seat, whooping: "Hooray fo' the nigguhs! Hoo-hoo-hooray fo' the nigguhs!"

But already the singer had taken up where she had left off. Nobody much bothered to hear the drunk's rantings; it was a matter of discipline, a very old discipline.

* * * * * * * * *

I was shooting nine-ball in a Harlem poolroom. It was dinner time, family time, on a Friday night in America, and the room was filled with people who had no better place to go. I powdered my hands and sank the winning ball in a combination with the two—and looked up to see five white hustlers appear in the doorway like apparitions out of the foggy night, combing their hair, wiping the water from their foreheads.

"Who wants to shoot?" drawled the skinniest. His voice cracked at the end, and so he repeated the question with force. It sounded belligerent, so he smiled, stupidly.

Eyes blinked. Bodies stirred. Butterball, who had been napping in the corner, rose up and stretched his bulk. He settled his red baseball cap over his eyes. "You got any money, Whitey?" When the white boy flashed a roll, I stepped back from my table. Butter' picked up a stick and called for the houseman to rack.

"What's your name, Whitey?"

For a moment, the white fellow wondered how to answer this question most forcefully, and then he simply let it out, a short nasal squeak. Butter' looked down the row of tables: "Hey, Rut! You hear that? Go on look up his daddy in the phone book, fin' out how much coin he got. I'm gonna take all

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Whitey's money tonight!" He leaned back on the heels of his tennis shoes and laughed with all his weight.

"No you aint!" Rut, just as heavy as Butter' and infinitely meaner in the eyes, was heaving down the aisle. "Whitey got way more money'n you can have by y'self, big as you *is*." He stood before the rest of the white team. "Which one a you boys gonna put a ten down on this first game?"

On a Friday night, the poolroom is always crowded by 8. Tonight, when word got around what was happening, old men and young poured in until the house had to close its doors, so that the players might have space to shoot. It looked like the Olympic games; and, in a sense, it was.

Butter' and Whitey were a good match. They played past midnight, and, as it turned out, Butter' lost a little. On other tables, "Schoolboy" Terry and Peter "Rabbit" Harris skinned a blond-headed boy whose nickname really *was* "Whitey," and a laconic, bespectacled, middle-aged hustler with a beautiful if inaccurate stroke. Side bets went round and round. On the whole, the whites lost money, but not nearly as much as would be claimed the next day. When it was all over, Butter', gentleman that he is, took the crew around the corner for drinks. "How 'bout it Whitey?" he asked. "We gonna shoot a little over your side tomorrow?"

"Sure."

"Won't be no shit?"

"Not if you bring your money."

For weeks, the game ran on—the white hustlers appearing in Harlem, black hustlers visiting the white poolrooms. "It's the new law," said Butter.' "Integration always starts over sport."

But not every small-town hustler can shoot nine-ball for $5 and $10 a game. Most make their little money disillusioning country boys, in from the dim lights and hacked tables of south Georgia's tinier hamlets, or the Albany workingmen, tanked up and sure that they are the greatest. "Integrated pool" was only for the best, who could win, or lose big money at big matches. The best soon knew one another and were wary; the novelty wore off and the poolrooms, white and black, returned to their normal, and tedious, business.

* * * * * * * * *

It is November. The man who signed a bill and integrated the poolrooms is retained in power. I wonder if Butter' voted. Or Spray-man, taking time off from shining shoes.

That first night, after the Holiday Inn, he had been confused; the experience had not had any immediate meanings. But a few hours later, outside a Negro bar in south Albany, called the Playhouse, he had nodded at the crowded doorway: "Lookit all them Negroes, don't know nothin' bout what's happened yet."

A few minutes and a few beers later, he was checking the hand of a girl who was about to drop a dime in the juke box. He carried a chair to the center of the floor, climbed atop it, shouted the crowd silent and the dancing to a halt, and related, in a loud, laughing voice, the events over on the white side. A few applauded. Most listened politely for a minute or two, but soon conversation started again, and Spray-man was struggling against an indifferent current. He looked over at me, apologetically I felt. I waved with great emotion for him to forget it, but he had his hackles up and went on.

A young man with ironic eyes nudged me. "It's fine," he said. "Fine, if you got plenty money to eat at the Holiday Inn. Me, all I got's this one little quarter, an' I ain't expectin' nothin' soon. Tell y' frien' I'm sorry, but I gotta put it in the piccolo. I'm gonna have me 25c worth a soun', an' no history. . . ."

When the music started, Spray-man glanced around angrily. But, when it was clear he was overcome; drowned in sound, he grinned reluctantly, then wide. He shrugged, stepped across the floor to replace the chair and, in a moment was dancing.

THE ST. CROIX

Who Owns A River? . . . . . Alfred D. Stedman

St. Paul, Minn.

Until it loses itself in the foul and polluted Mississippi a few miles below Minneapolis and St. Paul, every thing about the St. Croix River is lovely: its source in cold northern Wisconsin springs and lakes, its long quiet southward meanderings that for 100 miles form the boundary between Minnesota and Wisconsin, its incoming trout brooks and bass streams, the overlooking hills, the gorge near its midpoint known as the Dalles, and the broad expanse called Lake St. Croix that lazes for more than 20 miles from the fine old historic Minnesota town of Stillwater to the mouth.

And it is right here on this beautiful lower expanse that a fight presently centers between the onward push of industry and the stubborn defenders of a river and valley they love. More and more people among the Twin Cities' 1½ million feel a deep personal appreciation of their great luck in having so fine a stream so near at hand. It is called the cleanest large river left in mid-America, with Stillwater (1960 population 8,310) as the largest center on its whole course. To it come more and more visitors from Wisconsin as well as Minnesota to sail and swim and water-ski and fish and play. More and more year-around or summer homes peep from the timbered hills. Right now the upper reaches of the St. Croix and its main northern tributary, the Namekagon, are among twelve U.S. streams being studied by a team of national experts for possible designation as "wild rivers," suitable to be preserved for recreation in the years to come.

That study may be extended to include the lower St. Croix. But cut-

Alfred D. Stedman has recently retired from the St. Paul Pioneer Press and Dispatch, *where he was at various times Washington correspondent and associate editor. Mr. Stedman was for five years assistant administrator of the Agricultural Adjustment Administration; he has written widely on conservation.*

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ting across the beginnings of plans for tomorrow's conservation needs there is today a Northern States Power Company project that opponents say (and backers deny) would open a door to industrial degradation of the lower St. Croix valley. At the village of Oak Park Heights on the Minnesota shore just below Stillwater, the company is petitioning to build an enormous coal-burning electric generating plant at a cost of $68 million. This would be a 550,000 kilowatt station, larger than any that had been installed anywhere in the United States prior to 1961. Later a second unit of even larger capacity would be added.

It is sad that the same cool clean waters where thrive game fish like walleyed pike and smallmouth bass, and which outdoorsmen love best for boating and bathing, are also especially prized by power companies. The cooler and cleaner the water, the more efficiently it will cool electric generators.

The St. Croix runs consistently cooler and far cleaner than either the Mississippi or the Minnesota that joins the murky Father of Waters near the Twin Cities. But if the power project wins official approval, the lower St. Croix valley and Lake St. Croix will never be the same. Homes dotting the hills below Stillwater will look down on a power plant 350 feet long and 200 feet high, flanked by a coal pile nearly half a mile in length, with the layout to be vastly expanded later. A stack 600 to 800 feet tall will belch smoke into the sky. To bring coal upstream from the Illinois coal fields, those placid waters will be plied each week through the navigation season by three huge tows of fifteen barges per tow, or by larger numbers of smaller tows. Though the company promises to hold barge traffic to a minimum on summertime holidays and weekends, the question of barge-traffic dangers to boaters and bathers, especially children, is a live issue.

In times of lowest water, when the weather can also be the hottest and natural water temperatures the highest, the amount of water to be drawn from Lake St. Croix to cool the power plant might equal most of the river's flow into the lake. The record low-average flow for July is 783 cubic feet per second, and the maximum use by the proposed plant (first unit) is placed at 660 cubic feet. At the point of their return to the St. Croix, the waters would be warmed 10° to 17°— up to hot-weather maximums of 84° to 99°.

Every major effect on aquatic life and human recreation of both the warm-up of waters by the plant (thermal pollution) and of air pollution from the stack is in dispute. Scientific studies by federal, state and power company experts are under way.

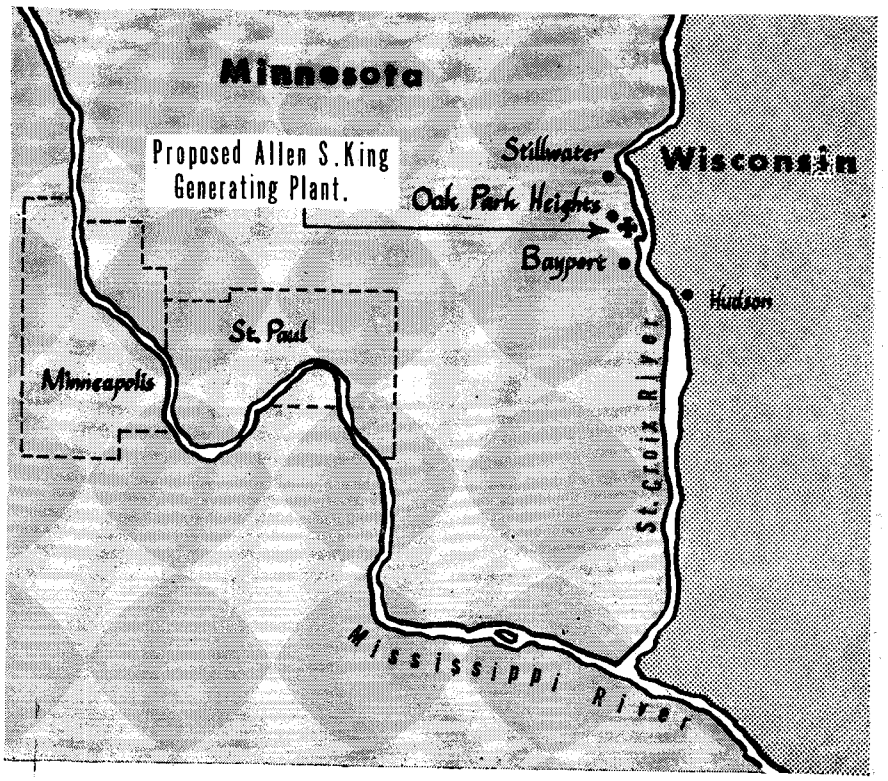
The economic push to get official sanction for the plant is tremendous. The need for additional power in the Twin Cities area has hardly been challenged, and the business and political interests of Stillwater would be more than human if they didn't thrill to the promises of a $7 million construction payroll, an annual operating payroll later for sixty employees of $500,000, and a 64 per cent jump in local tax revenues.

Backing the project are nearly every chamber of commerce in the immediate Washington County area of Minnesota, nearly all official governing bodies of county, towns and villages, luncheon clubs, veterans' groups, the county unit of the National Farm Organization and the central labor union, AFL-CIO.

But the opposition also is militant and sturdy; in number and in scope as well, it is rising. It is led by an organization called Save the St. Croix, Inc., made up of valley residents and people from Wisconsin, Minnesota and elsewhere who cherish the river. Save the St. Croix now has several hundred members and is raising funds for attorneys' fees and other costs of fighting the project. More than twenty groups, including the Minnesota division of the Izaak Walton League of America and the Minnesota Society of Architects, have expressed concern about the project or have come out against it. Petitions of protest are declared to have gained more than 10,000 signatures.

Right now supporters and opponents are scrambling to be ready for concurrent hearings by two Minnesota agencies beginning January 13. University of Minnesota thermal pollution studies financed by the Northern States Power Company are due to be presented. The company asks one permit from the Minnesota Department of Conservation for continuous diversion from the St. Croix River of water in an amount that in a year could cover to 1-foot depth an area of 631,000 acres, or nearly 1,000 square miles. It asks a second permit from the Minnesota Water Pollution Control Commission to discharge the same water back into the river in a heated and chlorinated condition.

The opposition centers, not against building such a plant somewhere near the Twin Cities, but specifically against the St. Croix as a site. It contends that since the plant



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could be located on the Mississippi, already polluted by human and industrial wastes, it is not necessary or excusable to contaminate the only major stream hereabouts that is still cool and clean.

The Northern States Power Company makes a sweeping defense of its first unit plan. "We are convinced," it says, "that operation of such a plant as we propose to build will not be detrimental to the interests of residents of the St. Croix valley nor detract from the pleasures of those who use the valley for recreation. We would not be building a plant here if we thought it would mar the beauty of the valley or restrict or interfere with activities in the area."

Concerning the feared effects on fish life or other river biology, the company says that the rise of temperature will average only about 10° and will decrease sharply within a short distance downstream as the discharge mixes with the river water. It asserts that there will be no pollution from the cleaning of barges, and that the initial barge traffic of 2 million tons of coal a year won't disturb boaters or swimmers. As to air pollution, it says that 98 per cent of the fly ash will be removed from the smoke and that the stack exhaust, mostly water vapor, will be dissipated high in the atmosphere.

But opposite views as to the initial plant's effects are argued by champions of the St. Croix. They contend that warming the river is sure to multiply nuisance fish, hurt game fish, and spur growth of green scum algae. In summer, they say, the waters will be made too warm for swimming on such nearby beaches as Bayport. They point out that on the Mississippi and Minnesota warm water checks freezing for considerable distances below power plants, and foresee that the St. Croix will be lost to winter sports for comparable distances below any new plant that warms this river. They warn that leaching of sulphur from the huge coal pile could produce dangerous acid pollution.

As to air pollution, Save the St. Croix describes the real danger to people and vegetation as arising from poisonous gases, especially sulphur gas, which can be converted to acids and brought back to ground levels with the rain.

On such immediate effects of the new plant, the power company has gained a degree of avowed or unannounced support in official conservation circles. Some agree that injury to the river will be minimal, and a few say openly that, as between more business and beauty or recreation on the St. Croix, they vote for business.

But overshadowing all issues of immediate effects on recreational and scenic values of this first power unit is the great question of whether its location on the lower St. Croix would start a march of heavy industry through the valley that in the long run could be revolutionary. If this huge plant attracts an influx of heavy industry, still graver troubles with water and air pollution and serious shrinkage of outdoor values would be the prospect. The power company acknowledges that it will have no control over what other industries may do about following it into the valley, but it makes two comments.

One is that the St. Croix has been historically a commercial stream, with some industries operating there now. True, long ago the fur traders used it as the shortest water route from the Mississippi to Lake Superior, canoeing all the way north to Upper St. Croix Lake, then portaging to the Bois Brule and descending that tumbling stream to the Greatest Lake. True, also, the lumbermen made a shambles of the region's forests before their sawmills vanished, along with the logs that once jammed the St. Croix, and nature began a century-long job of reclothing the denuded lands. So, though perhaps open to other interpretations, history along the St. Croix seems to suggest that unguided exploitation of nature's bounties can lead to public costs as well as private profits.

But the company also doubts that it would lead other heavy industry into the valley. In its experience, the company says, "our power plants do not attract other industrial establishments to their immediate area. As far as power rates or service are concerned, there is no advantage in being located next to a generating station. In the nearly twelve years that it has been in existence, our [Minnesota River] Black Dog plant, for instance, has not attracted industrial plants as next-door neighbors."

Opponents answer that the Northern States Power Company itself, by planning now to follow up its first generating station with another unit of even greater capacity, is already taking an important step toward industrializing the lower valley. They add that, once the company wins a test case for its first station, chances of heading off that next step toward more industry will be poor. As for the Minnesota River, they describe industrial development there as having been well advanced before the Black Dog power plant was ever built. Whatever special factors may be keeping other industries at a distance from the Minnesota River plant area, they are regarded as unlikely to apply on the St. Croix.

Instead, if once the mammoth new power operation gets under way on the St. Croix, strong forces toward further industrializing are considered by Save the St. Croix spokesmen as almost certain to be generated. They foresee that the heavy upstream coal movement will induce the barge operators to seek cargo for the downstream haul. That in itself could attract industries, and the enlarged barge traffic would almost certainly produce enterprises for the cleaning, servicing, loading and fueling of the tows.

"In actuality," says State Representative William J. O'Brien of St. Paul, a staunch conservationist with deeply rooted interest in the St. Croix, "I am not terribly concerned about the power company project itself. The number of cement plants, oil refineries and other industrial establishments which I fear would undoubtedly follow a new power plant give me great concern."

Not the wastes of a vast human population but industrial wastes would seem the most likely threat to the now cool and fresh St. Croix. Twin Cities people know that one in every twenty oil barges is a "leaker," and they commonly see oil slicks on their rivers. They hear that far down the Mississippi any fish caught taste of petroleum. They know that industrial accidents happen, that last year, for example, two oil spills killed 8,000 ducks and greased bathing beaches for 100 miles along the stream. They know that the Minnesota River, like the Mississippi, is heavily polluted by industrial wastes.

And all this devastation occurs despite the fact that most industries

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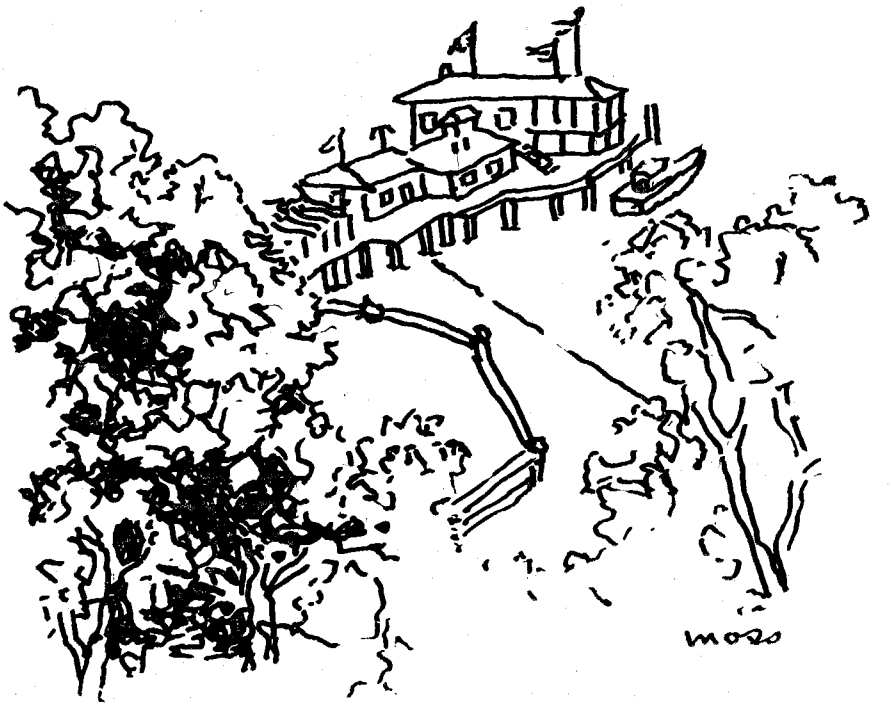

cooperate with the Minnesota Water Pollution Control Commission and that the total bill for building sewage systems in the Twin Cities area is expected to exceed $200 million in about thirty-five years. So far as industrial wastes are concerned, what has happened before can reasonably be expected to happen on the St. Croix.

Thus momentous questions arise out of the fight over the fate of the St. Croix. Essentially similar questions are coming up in other struggles to save for general enjoyment some natural treasures: remnants of giant redwoods in California, the Indiana Dunes, Storm King Mountain on the Hudson, the Great Falls of the Potomac, Fire Island of New York, tracts of wilderness and wild rivers elsewhere.

What limits are to be placed on industrial invasion in America? What guidelines are to be established? Who is to determine where, when and how a public resource can be used by industry? Is that to rest with the industry or local municipality immediately concerned? Or should final decision be reserved to a national or interstate agency?

On the St. Croix, as elsewhere, defenders of natural resources find that no general forum exists for hearing and deciding such questions. To be sure, as to all effects on navigation, the Northern States Power Company will require a permit for its project from the U.S. Army Corps of Engineers. And as to the effects on recreation, the Corps will be "advised" by the Interior Department's Bureau of Sport Fisheries and Wild Life. But these are not general forums for broad decisions on the questions at stake.

Some Minnesota officials are fond of saying that nobody can stop the Northern States Power Company from building any plant it wants on St. Croix shore property it already owns. Smoke rising from the stack will float around in Wisconsin as well as Minnesota skies, but as yet the only public body having legal power to control air pollution by the plant is the village council of Oak Park Heights, with a 1960 population of 332. Federal and state agencies by the dozen are now empowered to study, to report and recommend state or local controls of air pollution, but none has power to decide, to act and to enforce.

Northern States Power, up to this writing, has not acknowledged any Wisconsin jurisdiction over its project. Yet the St. Croix rises and flows for a fourth of its course in that state. Half of the water to be used would seem to belong to Wisconsin. And that state has never admitted that issues of pollution on the St. Croix should be decided on one side of the river alone.

In fact, Wisconsin Governor John W. Reynolds, before his defeat for re-election, directed a task force of four state agencies to study the power project's effects on the St. Croix basin as a natural resource and recreational asset. And Governor-elect Warren P. Knowles says that "I would expect to continue the investigation and make every effort to see that the recreational values of the St. Croix River are fully protected, and take such further steps as may be required to safeguard the interest of boaters from pollution of the river."

"If the [Save the St. Croix] charges should be proved," said Wisconsin Sen. Gaylord Nelson in calling a public hearing by his Senate Air and Water Pollution subcommittee in Stillwater on December 10 and 11, "I cannot believe that Wisconsin should be powerless to act in this case."

Thus the groundwork for interstate action is already laid. In fact, the Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare is specifically empowered by the Federal Water Pollution Control Act to draw up programs and support interstate compacts for water-pollution control.

Against a backdrop of hurry, hurry to get Minnesota's January 13 hearings over and the Northern States Power plant under construction on a basis of permits from one state only, Congress itself is being urged to establish a federal authority with powers to act and to define clear guidelines for decisions on questions like those about the St. Croix. Senator Nelson seems to be moving in that direction.

"Isn't it about time," asked *The Washington Post* recently in an editorial that drew commendation from Senator Douglas of Illinois, "that Congress and the Administration took a systematic look at this problem?" And it said that "If and when choice recreation areas and unspoiled lakes and rivers are wholly invaded by industry, it will not be because anyone planned it that way. It will be simply because in area after area long-term conservation interests are subordinated to short-term commercial interest."

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Survival's Favorite Son

MEMOIRS: 1921-1941. By Ilya Ehrenburg. Translated by Tatania Shebunina in collaboration with Yvonne Kapp. The World Publishing Co. 543 pp. $6.95.

Isaac Deutscher

The present volume of Ilya Ehrenburg's *Memoirs* is an eye-witness account of two crowded and stormy decades in Soviet and European history. For the Soviet Union the period began with the aftermath of the Civil War; it was to end with the Nazi invasion. In between lay the close of the Lenin era, the rise of Stalinism, the upheavals of industrialization and collectivization, the suppression of literary and artistic freedom, the Great Purges, and the Stalin-Hitler Pact of 1939. Within the same span of time bourgeois Europe recovered from the revolutionary shocks of 1918-21, enjoyed a spell of semi-illusory stabilization, and succumbed to the Great Depression and to fascism and Nazism, until it was engulfed by the Second World War.

Of the Russian scene Ehrenburg gives us only intermittent glimpses; he concentrates on the events, personalities and political climate of Western Europe. He lived most of the time in Germany, France and Spain; he was little more than a tourist in his native country. Even while active as a propagandist for the Kremlin, he felt more at home in the cafés of Montparnasse than within earshot of the Kremlin bells. The topsy-turvy Berlin of the early twenties, the Rome of the time of Matteoti's assassination, the Paris of the Popular Front, and the Barcelona and Valencia of the years of the Civil War come more easily to life in his pages than does either Moscow or Leningrad. Nevertheless, his is a Russian writer's view of Western Europe, for he has been ever sensitive to the winds blowing over Russia and the moral pressures they bear. He always feels and makes us feel Russia's spiritual and political presence in Europe, though he portrays Russian personalities more often against French or Spanish backgrounds. His pages are crowded with character sketches of Frenchmen, Spaniards, Italians, Poles, Czechs and Jews. The pen portraits, to mention only those of Antonov-Ovseenko, the hero of 1917, who represented Stalin in Barcelona in 1936; and Durutti, the Spanish anarchist of legendary fame; Ernst Toller, the German revolutionary playwright; Julian Tuwim, the Polish poet; and Peretz Markish, the Yiddish poet, are extremely well drawn and even moving. (Though I knew most of these men and my images of them differ somewhat.)

It is easy to see why these *Memoirs* must have excited and thrilled Soviet readers, especially the young ones; Ehrenburg has revealed to them a world which they had not been allowed to know, a world doom-laden yet magnificent, decadent yet still creative and capable of heroism. Western readers too will find this book instructive and pleasant to read, for Ehrenburg's style is easy, fluent and at times imaginative.

Yet his defects are not less evident here—the defects which once caused the tolerant and generous Lunacharsky to remark: "Ehrenburg is the *best* type among the *worst* of our fellow-traveling literati." Ehrenburg's writing is indeed too easy and too fluent. One feels as if one met the author in one of his favorite Montparnasse cafés and listened to an immense, rambling *causerie*, a *causerie* which never ceases to be vivid and intriguing, but is often superficial and less than candid. He would like us to accept his book as a weighty testimony but he wonders himself whether he is not asking too much. "I said at the beginning that . . . I wanted to write a confession: I probably promised more than I can fulfill. . . . Having come to my adult life, I pass a great deal over in silence, and the more I advance the more often I have to omit events in my life about which it would be difficult for me to speak even to an intimate friend."

"Yet in spite of this," he insists, "my book is still a confession." Obviously, a "confession" in which a great deal is "passed over in silence" arouses distrust. If all that the author omitted were incidents of his private life or intimate emotions, one would not mind. Unfortunately, his silences cover many important events of public interest; not delicacy of feeling but political shrewdness dictates his discretion.

Repeatedly Ehrenburg deals with Soviet critics who long ago (in the twenties) used to reproach him for his "skepticism" or "nihilism." In the rather congenial atmosphere of the post-Stalin era he is not really embarrassed by these labels. "Of all the apostles," he says with a touch of solemnity, "doubting Thomas seems to me the most human." He is quite glad to be described as a "romantic ironist." No doubt, these labels suited in some measure the young Ehrenburg, the author of *Julio Jurenito* and *Thirteen Pipes*, books of his that were already famous forty years ago. But the point is that the "skeptic" or "romantic ironist" of those years was subsequently eclipsed by a very different character, the Stalinist sycophant of the 1930s and the Stalin Prize-winner of the 1940s. And, of course, in the last ten years or so Ehrenburg has been the reputed herald of de-Stalinization, the author of *The Thaw*, the champion of artistic freedom. In the *Memoirs* it is this last Ehrenburg who "defends" his "skeptical" and "ironical" self of the early twenties as if to make us forget the Stalinist hack and toady of the middle years. We are given to understand that the youthful "doubting Thomas" somehow survived intact and unharmed in the veteran memoirist of today.

One would like to believe this. Yet as one ponders Ehrenburg's reminiscences one cannot help being aware of the hidden and wretched presence of the Stalinist hanger-on, eager for self-exculpation. This book has in it much of the ambiguity that has been inherent in the whole process of de-Stalinization, the ambiguity which derives from the fact that de-Stalinization has so far been the work of men who were once Stalin's underlings and accomplices. In this respect Ehrenburg's writing has been the characteristic literary *pendant* to the politics of Khrushchevism.

"Ehrenburg lifted the iron curtain that concealed the past from the pres-

Isaac Deutscher is the author of many books on the USSR, among them The Great Contest: Russia and the West, *and a three-volume life of Trotsky (both Oxford University Press).*

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ent everywhere," says Louis Fischer, himself an ex-admirer of Stalin. ". . . he is restoring to human life and dignity . . . the martyred men and women of Russia," writes an innocent young American Sovietologist. Yet another critic speaks of these *Memoirs* as a "feat of courage, a near-revolutionary act." How easily a legend can be launched!

Far from lifting any iron curtain over the past, Ehrenburg lifts only that corner of it that others, those in office, have already raised. Of the truth about events and men he never offers us more than a licensed dose. He does not, for instance, tell us anything about the Great Purges that Khrushchev and other party leaders had not said. To "human life and dignity" he "restores" only those of the "martyred men and women" who had already been officially rehabilitated. With a remarkable presence of mind he does not allow the name of a single unrehabilitated victim to slip into his narrative. He devotes warm-hearted, even sentimental passages to Tukhachevsky, Antonov-Ovseenko, Isaac Babel and others; and he conveys to us a chilling whiff of the terror-stricken Moscow of 1938. But he has nothing to say about the Great Trials of that time. Their defendants, Bukharin, Trotsky, Radek, Rakovsky, Kamenev, Zinoviev and the others —most of whom he knew well—still remain "unpersons." His capacity for remembering the past corresponds to the twists and turns and the tempo of the official de-Stalinization with startling precision. One may wonder why he never refers to someone like the now rehabilitated Krestinsky, an outstanding Bolshevik, whom he must have known in Berlin as Soviet Ambassador. The answer is simple: Krestinsky's rehabilitation was brought to public notice just after Ehrenburg had completed writing his *Memoirs*. This is only one of many possible illustrations.*

What is worse, Ehrenburg still vents something of the old rancor against the as yet unrehabilitated victims of the Stalinist terror. In his description of the Civil War in Spain one looks in vain for any hint at the terror the GPU spread there, at the suppression of P.O.U.M., the abduction and assassination of its leader, Andres Nin, and of other anti-Stalinists. One need only compare Ehrenburg's Spanish recollections with Orwell's *Homage to Catalonia* to grasp the meaning of such omissions. Or take his recollection of André Gide, who in 1936 went to Russia as a sympathizer but returned disgusted with the Stalin cult, which he denounced in a memorable little book *Retour de l'U.R.S.S.* Ehrenburg's comment: "I do not know what affected him. Another man's heart is a dark continent." He admits that he slandered Gide at the time; but even now, after "calm reflection," he still compares the change in Gide's political attitude with the "erratic flutterings of a moth"; and like a provincial Philistine, he cannot contain his indignation, almost horror, at the thought that Gide, going to Russia, had intended to raise with Stalin himself (!) the question of the legal position of homosexuals in the Soviet Union. ("Although I was aware of Gide's abnormality, I did not immediately grasp what he meant to speak to Stalin about.") He is similarly still quivering with malice toward Panaït Istrati, the pathetic "Gorky of the Balkans," as Romain Rolland described him, because Istrati had rejected the Stalin cult from the outset. These, by no means exceptional, examples of old Stalinist spite stirring in the *Memoirs* contrast curiously with eulogies for such Western European stooges of Stalin as Marcel Cachin, Dolores Ibaruri, and their like.

Explicitly or implicitly, Ehrenburg is justifying Stalin's major policies in Europe. True, he often pleads ignorance of politics as a mitigating circumstance for himself, a strange plea for someone who has been so prominent as a political propagandist. But he is not so modest as to refrain from passing political judgments and verdicts. He blames Leon Blum (and his "stupid bleatings") for the defeat of Republican Spain, but has nothing to say about Stalin's share in that defeat. He presents the French and Spanish Popular Fronts as heroic epics; he does not seem to suspect even now that those fronts brought about their own undoing, because they were, on Stalin's promptings, all too eager to appease the Western bourgeoisie and to curb the revolutionary energies of the French and Spanish workers and peasants. He describes with justified sarcasm the cowardice and the surrender of the German Social Democrats in the face of Nazism. But he makes no mention of the perverse Stalinist policies which had done no less to paralyze German labor in the early 1930s. Did he not, as an eye-witness, watch the *Rote Volksentscheid*, that infamous plebiscite in which, two years before Hitler became Chancellor, the Communists marched with the Nazis against the Social Democrats and called for the "*national* and social liberation of Germany"?

Only when he comes to the Nazi-Soviet Pact of 1939 does the author of the *Memoirs* put aside pretense and make-believe and describe convincingly the shock, the humiliation and the horror with which that act of "Soviet-German friendship" had filled him. (He seems to suggest that some repercussions of that act are felt even now in the undercurrents of anti-Semitism in the USSR.) Here, evidently, his deep and wounded Jewish emotion gets the better of him; and instead of the slick raconteur, a suffering and frightened human being speaks to us.

What is one to make of this strange *mélange* of sincerity and cant? Ehrenburg relates that a young Russian, listening to his tale of the Stalinist terror, asked him: "How is it that you have survived?" "I shall never know," he replies, ". . . I lived in times when the fate of men was not like a game of chess but like a lottery." But this is surely not the truth of the matter. The fate of those of Ehrenburg's countrymen—and they were many—who had the courage to oppose Stalin was not at all like a lottery: none of them survived. Life was a lottery to quite a few Stalinists, however, for even Stalin's servants and flatterers could not be sure of their fate; many of them were disgraced and perished. In some cases—Ehrenburg's is one—a man's fate was rather like a strange combination of "a lottery" and "a game of chess"; these *Memoirs* occasionally show how the author played his hand at the game.

Should he on this account be condemned beyond redemption? In quite a few countries and in many ages thinkers and writers, from Galileo to Goethe and Pushkin, bowed to the despotism of rulers and paid a moral ransom in order to save themselves as scientists and artists and to get on with their work. Posterity, which honors

*The nimbleness with which Ehrenburg moves between the ghosts of the "rehabilitated" and the limbo of the "unpersons" was evident in the first volume of the *Memoirs*, in his description of the editorial team of *Nashe Slovo*, a Russian revolutionary (non-Bolshevik) *émigré* journal published in Paris during the First World War. He managed to describe in loving detail almost every member of that team, without mentioning even once its editor and moving spirit—Trotsky.

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heroic fighters against oppression, does not invariably condemn those who have bowed to a *force majeure*. Supreme heroism is rare, and its absence need not in itself be a vice.

Ehrenburg's misfortune was not so much that he lacked the character to resist Stalinism, but that he submitted to it so completely and even zealously that he thereby corrupted his own work and nearly destroyed himself as novelist and poet. He himself refers ruefully to his "hastily written" and "badly constructed" propagandist novels. He resembles in this the chief character of his own *Thaw*, the painter Vladimir Pukhov, who through opportunism and servility wasted his artistic personality. The writing of the *Memoirs* was for Ehrenburg an opportunity to cleanse himself, test his wasted talent, and regain something of his artistic quality. To a very limited extent, he has succeeded. He might have succeeded more genuinely and fully if he had not tried to impress us with his moral courage; if he had given up his posturing, his attempts at self-exculpation and his old rancor; if he had told us as much of the truth about the Stalin era as he knows instead of deliberately purveying half-truths.

Yet, Ehrenburg's role in the Russian "thaw" has been considerable—not for nothing have the crypto- and neo-Stalinists attacked him repeatedly. But it is not easy to assess his role, for it bears on the complex relationship between half-truth and truth. I am not speaking here of the Truth of the metaphysicians, but of historical truth, which bases itself on ascertainable and undeniable facts. Soviet society needs that truth as much as it needs air to breathe. Without a genuine knowledge of the record of the Stalin era, it cannot overcome its present ideological confusion and cannot advance. Ehrenburg's *Memoirs*, like Khrushchev's revelations, offer a lot of clues to the record. But the clues are not the record. A half-truth may sometimes be a useful introduction to the truth; it may even represent an installment of the truth and stimulate a creative ferment in minds avid for knowledge. But all too often a half-truth can divert such minds from the truth or block access to it, depending on the maturity or immaturity of the audience to whom is is aimed.

Ehrenburg's *Memoirs* are undoubtedly exercising a dual and ambivalent influence. They represent a transient phase in the development of a new social consciousness in the USSR, the phase in which Soviet thinking has painfully outgrown the Stalinist mythology but is still shrinking from perceiving the realities of the recent past and of the present.

Le Parti d'Intelligence?

COMMUNISM AND THE FRENCH INTELLECTUALS: 1914-1960. By David Caute. The Macmillan Company. 413 pp. $10.

Harvey Goldberg

The last half dozen pages of Mr. Caute's long book, when he tries to grasp the problem whole, are his most sensitive. Looking squarely at French intellectuals, who have made their way to communism over a forty-year span, he links their choice not to "blind faith" or "opiates" but to "cerebral, empirical judgments made within the framework of certain social and moral beliefs." In evaluating their hard and demanding choice and in suggesting the alternative, he unhesitatingly adds:

> *The French intellectual, in accepting broadly the Third or Fourth Republics, has had to do so* despite *Versailles, the domestic policy of the Bloc National, Morocco, Syria, Indo-China, the regime of Chiappe, unemployment, parliamentary corruption, the abandonment of Republican Spain, Munich, McCarthyism, Suez, Algeria.*

This is strong meat after so many years of a starvation cold-war diet, bracing after countless wearisome clichés about "true believers" and "Gods that failed." One might then have expected much, perhaps too much, from Caute's book. But his deepest insights unfortunately outdistance his demonstration. If he has taken a first bold step toward understanding this passionate problem of our times, he has not, for all his hard work and intelligence, produced a comprehensive history. Nor perhaps, in its most meaningful sense, a history at all.

Mr. Caute engages his problem at three points: the convolutions of the party's attitude toward intellectuals; the fluctuations of the intellectuals' commitment to the party; the productivity of Communist intellectuals within the ambit of their Marxism. In general, party officialdom, as Caute points out, beckoned the intellectuals into the fold. If there were short stretches of glaciation (especially in the late twenties and early fifties, when intellectuals were eyed as unstable and undesirable) most of the time the party sought them out and used them. Indeed, exploited them: for prestige, journalism, political propaganda, front organizations. "A subsidiary function," Caute observes, "namely the raising of the Party's own ideological level, was naturally regarded in practice with suspicion."

Yet intellectuals came, committed Communists or supporting "idealists," in a trickle at first, in a flood during the Popular Front and the Resistance. Why? The First World War, that senseless and endless carnage, formed the first generation: men consumed with the fraud of patriotism and the bankruptcy of bourgeois society. The Russian Revolution, that light from the East, turned *revoltés* into *révolutionnaires, ready to accept the discipline* of a Bolshevik party. Not all of them marched in file; in documents which have lost none of their relevance, Rolland and Barbusse fervently debated the issue of ends and means. Rolland could not accept violence *à la russe;* while Barbusse scored the tenderhearted and insisted upon "the other part of duty." By the late 1920s a second generation emerged; "a new more romantic and less disciplined generation of quasi-Marxist intellectuals, who unlike the Rollandists tended to find the PCF not uncompromising enough." The Surrealists were among them (Aragon, Eluard, Breton) and the *philosophes* (Lefèbvre, Politzer, Nizan), young men in total revolt against the artistic and academic standards of the bourgeoisie.

But the first big influx came with Hitler and the depression. Then the stream of intellectual collaboration widened; in the common struggle against fascism, and in the relevance of Soviet economic development, leftish intellectuals found reason enough to support the party. When the party was "national" and "patriotic," Caute observes, its fortunes waxed. For the new Communist intellectuals (the best of whom clustered around the review *Commune*), the Spanish Civil War was the great passion, and appeasement

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Harvey Goldberg is the author of The Life of Jean Jaures *(University of Wisconsin Press). He is presently writing a book on recent French social movements.*

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the great frustration. They made pilgrimages to the USSR and, as Caute emphasizes, ignored the Stalinist purge trials and Communist machinations in Spain.

Again the Russians pulled the strings. With the Nazi-Soviet Pact of 1939, the French Communist tide receded. The idealists departed, and even some of the most dedicated party men such as Nizan, Georges Friedmann. Only the hardest of the core could bear the burden, accepting ostracism, imprisonment, suppression of the party and, worst of all—the line. Yet the capitulation wasn't complete (it rarely is) and even before Hitler's attack on the USSR, some French Communists (albeit as individuals) began their resistance.

After June, 1941, that resistance became a movement, large, heroic, patriotic. It was the era of martyrdom (Caute estimates 60,000 Communist dead during the war) and unmodified courage. So Gabriel Péri, on the eve of his death at Nazi hands in December, 1941, reiterated his belief that "communism was the youth of the world and that it was preparing tomorrows that would sing."

The Resistance record magnetized intellectuals in the first postwar years. But with the cold war the party line narrowed and hardened. In those years of Zhdanovism, the Tito heresy, the East European purge trials, the party held on to its wholly committed intellectuals, but beyond those ranks, squandered its Resistance credit. Caute recalls those years with telling detail —the tortuous defenses by party intellectuals of Stalinist practices, their strange blindness to colonial revolutions. *Le grand tournant* came with the 20th Congress, a shock certainly, but possibly a new beginning. "By and large," Caute observes, "Khrushchev's revelations did not evoke despair; on the contrary, they awakened hopes of imminent reforms, of the self-adjusting potential of Communism."

From his research, Caute has rescued many pieces of the complicated story from obscurity and set them in some order. If his evidence of the party's convolutions lacks novelty, his illustrations of the depths to which its propagandists might sink are painfully revealing. So he quotes Ramon Fernandez after the February riots of 1934: "We ought to have rifles and go down to the rich quarters. . . . Then we need a man to march at our head, a leader. . . . A fellow of Gide's type." Nor is it the least of Caute's merits to remind us of the party's sporadic wisdom in animating rather than alienating the community; or of its cruelty toward its own (Paul Nizan as the classic case). For all that, and recognizing the merits of the book, I am left with questions and a certain disappointment.

At the most elementary level, my strictures are technical. Simple errors of fact appear often enough to suggest some unfamiliarity, at least with the remoter parts of the terrain. (Strange that a student of James Joll, who has written a reliable account of the Second International, should locate the 1907 Congress in Strasbourg and put the Basle Congress in 1913.) Working solely from published sources, Caute consulted many books; but I can only puzzle at the absence of the most important self-revelations of Rolland, Sadoul and Raymond Lefèbvre; of Nizan's powerful *Antoine Bloyé;* of the several significant works of Friedmann on the crisis of technology; or of *La Révue Marxiste,* the first serious philosophical effort to diffuse Marxist culture.

The book suffers also from the "catalogue fallacy." We find scores of men and women, named and briefly quoted, as though the roster of Communist intellectuals were then complete. The inevitable result is too little and too much. We are offered pages on Souvarine, but only a mention of Rappoport; some words of Dunois, but none at all of Rosmer (the same Rosmer who commanded the respectful attention of Camus). We learn something about the Surrealists but not nearly enough about the evolution from Tzara's Dadaism to communism; and nothing at all about that remarkable revolutionary *foyer,* the weekly meetings during the First World War at 96, quai Jemappes. The history of ideas, the subtlety and complexity of their diffusion, is somehow obscured in a forest of names and quotations.

At the CGT Congress of Lyon in 1919, Pierre Monatte, the straightest back among the syndicalists, recalled Renan's *Life of Jesus* in analyzing the betrayal of labor leaders during the war: "We are told that Mary Magdalene was washing the feet of Jesus with oil when Judas said: 'But that is too expensive!' Renan explained Judas' treason: 'The bureaucrat in him had killed the apostle.'" Because of a conceptual weakness, Caute fails to operate on that insight and distinguish clearly between those who responded first and foremost to their party function and those who lived primarily as intellectuals. He seems to understand the distinction: "It could be plausibly argued that the real gulf . . . was between the hard Stalinists and the rest." But again his organization fails his insight. Intellectuals are treated en bloc, their words quoted together, their actions lumped together. The transformation from intellectual to party bureaucrat is a crucial part of the story; but so, equally, was the delicate, intricate conjuncture of politics and creativity in the lives of most Communist intellectuals. In his failure to delineate both groups, Caute has weakened his understanding of either.

Nor does his book guide us firmly to those reaches of human psychology where commitment is the point of contingency between personal need and social reality. First, because the context is too thin, the "history" dubbed in. We have the *philosophes* without the *ancien régime.* For the intellectuals the choice was always difficult; their rupture with bourgeois society had its price. "I have had to cut myself off from my whole way of life," Raymond Lefèbvre confessed at Strasbourg in 1920, "amidst so many tears and so much pain." Why then? What explains it? The rage in the wake of the First World War means little without the blood of the war and the stench of the postwar. Without the twenties—the dismal politics, the concentrated economic power, the neat corporatist design—we can scarcely fathom Sartre's description of that intellectual era: "The beautiful period of our refusals, the time of our hate, of unassuaged desire, of destruction."

But if the history seems two-dimensional, so do the characters; we can't sense the feelings, the complexities of these men. Recognizing the problem, Caute seeks to resolve it by close examination of three case histories—Gide, Malraux and Sartre. He tells their stories well, but they are oft-told tales, even the details are not new. Nor was any of the three ever in the party. He might more fruitfully have given us a Rappoport—the permanent exile, the richly endowed philosopher, the perpetual wit (*"le bolchévisme, c'est le blanquisme à la sauce tartare"* is his mot). Or a Nizan, almost a paradigm of our times, as Sartre perceived: "To today's Angry Young Men, who will speak? Who can explain their revolt? Nizan." Doris Lessing, who is penetrating on communism, once observed (in *The Golden Notebook*): "The Communist Party is largely composed of people who aren't really political at all, but who have a powerful

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sense of service. And then there are those who are lonely and the Party is their family." But we don't come close enough in Caute's book to find out.

Communism is a choice in an age when the alternatives have not been brilliant. As Caute wisely points out: "Economic and political facts which Communist intellectuals are accused of blindly disregarding exist only in a limited degree of independence apart from a sense of purpose . . . of what ought to be done for one section of the community at the expense of other sections." He is right to insist upon it. But by removing the intellectuals from their ecology, the complex dialectic is obscured, and we don't see them confronting a shattered community or choosing a way out, but only advocating in a vacuum. We are left with words, often empty after years; or worse, the impression becomes a distortion.

In his *Histoire de Dix Ans, 1927-37*, Jean-Pierre Maxence expressed some of the revulsion of young intellectuals at the end of the 20s: "National Union —politics without youth, without hope, worn-out politics, for the old and by the old." That for such well-styled politicians as Poincaré and Briand. How to measure, then, the outrage of the 30s when France faced crisis under the flag of Sarraut, Flandin, Chautemps, Doumergue? Over all of Europe loomed Hitler; over France loomed semi-fascism and the revenge of counter-revolution. Intellectuals had to choose, and not all, not a majority, chose the Left; not even, I would wager, among the *normaliens* (in whose group were not only a Nizan and Sartre, but a Brasillach and Déat). Like Maxence, some enrolled in the *ligues*, others, great names of the Academy, saved their allegiance for Pétain. A frustrated Paul Reynaud, watching the anti-Communist, anti-Soviet antics of 1938, could only exclaim: "But it is not Stalin who is in Vienna today and who will threaten Prague tomorrow. It is Hitler." To have chosen the Popular Front, to have accepted Communist guidance in it, to have supported the Soviet Union uncritically—all of that, in brutal retrospect, seems the source of self-deception. But the hindsight implicit in Caute's description distorts as well as clarifies. For Communist intellectuals, in or out of the party, the issue was (and remains) as Sartre posed it in his impassioned "Réponse à Albert Camus":

It isn't a question, you see, of putting my contemporaries in a cage. They are already in a cage. It is a question rather of joining with the people to break the bars. . . . To enjoy the right of influencing men who struggle, one must first join their fight. One must accept many things if he wishes to try to change some things.

If we ask what that commitment yielded, we have to pose the question in terms larger than Caute's. What did it mean to intellectuals as men? What did it mean to break barriers of isolation, to reach out to a larger community? Or again, how did it affect their creativity as artists and thinkers? Caute mentions the "freshness and spontaneity" of Taslitzky's painting and the "extremely high intellectual level" of *Commune;* in referring to the late poems of Vaillant-Couturier, he tells us that "he did not allow his organizational duties to dull his lyricism"; he shows us Vercors and Elsa Triolet finding in the Resistance material for sensitive novels. Tantalizing data, but never carried to the level of consistent analysis and generalization. What did it mean, this service of intellectuals to the party, for the movement of our times? To illustrate the party's use of intellectuals, Caute writes:

> *Here Barbusse tirelessly gave a lead, supporting the causes given priority by the Party, praising the Secours Ouvrier International and the Comité pro-Hindou, creating committees for the defense of victims of the White Terror in the Balkans, denouncing Pilsudski's treatment of political prisoners and Poincaré's occupation of the Ruhr, mobilizing intellectuals against the Moroccan War.*

But if we view all this as part of "the fourth principle of utility," we forget that these are *acts* and *causes*, we ignore their intrinsic worth. Shouldn't we ask, in an age of incessant struggle, what it meant for learned men to speak on the side of the victims? All of these questions bear not only on the past but equally on the future. To some French intellectuals and a mass of non-intellectuals, the challenge beneath the false euphoria of the Fifth Republic remains as Sartre defined it in 1960: "Fifty years in this arrested society which has become France is degrading!"

The French Communist Party has been a mess. Too often, as Guy Mollet once quipped, it has stood neither to the Right nor the Left, but to the East. But as Claude Bourdet has just written in *Les Chemins de l'Unité*, it is a powerful reality: "No reconstruction of the Left is possible without it." The problem still turns on the potentiality of the party's evolution, and institutions do evolve. The core of the matter was touched by Jules Humbert-Droz, Moscow's early agent in Paris, in a letter to Zinoviev in 1922, when the Third International still recognized debate: "What is essential is not to dwell forever on the past and condemnation of past policy; it is to prepare a future where the errors of the past will no longer be committed." That won't be easy in a party whose present leadership strikes me as about evenly divided between hacks and thugs. But the Communist Party is more than its bureaucrats. It is also a legacy of saying "no" when almost all other organized groups have assented; it is also a working-class mass and a body of intellectuals.

The Latest Word

The language goes on,
learns new words, new meanings
in the old,
as though a chaffinch
out of some faraway spring,
chirping its other-world patter
as it perches on the nearby bough,
revises via bare sprig, bole,
and root the whole commonwealth.

The language, all of it
alive, goes on, a rabbi, straggly
beard a twilit-flaming bush,
hunched over you, thumbing through,
then concentrating on a passage
understandably obscure.
His village,
in its local seasons and occasions
collaborating with the stroller
seasons as they hold forth, throws
curious, kind light on the black-
and-white until,
his absentminded
drone a tantalising promise
in your ear (thick flocks perhaps,
their pre-dawn maple-chittering
the rudiments of music making
in the air),
the stiff lines,
cracking, blaze like branches
(the village fled in flames,
regained the glimpse of paradise
lost, in cries, floating heaven-
ward, the soot of flesh and terror,
then settled into roots and out
in leaves, thoughts, flowering).

A new word sounds, so meant
for you both, so loose, so taut
through your body, you cannot tell
one from the other, two at least
caught in one breath.

Theodore Weiss

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In his moving essay on Togliatti ("Les Temps Modernes," October, 1964) Sartre exercised, at its best, the intellectual function; though writing of Italian Communists, essentially he criticized the French. The unique qualities of Italian communism—its distance from Moscow, its dialogue with reality—were missing in France:

And who, if not Togliatti, understood that a Party must live in symbiosis with the people? . . . Marxism became with the Italians what it should be: an immense and patient effort of research, linking theory to practice. . . . Unlike France, where conservative or reactionary intellectuals are a real force, Italy has few intellectuals of the Right. Communism has absorbed them. Most haven't entered the Party but they share with it leadership in most of its struggles. So, as it should be, but often isn't, le parti des exploités est aussi le parti d'intelligence.

That question, whether the French party can become also *le parti d'intelligence,* remains deeply important. In Caute's book there are few clues to the answer.

History, above chronicle and narrative, is the most delicate negotiation: of feelings and motives, ideas and events, action and interaction. Mr. Caute's book, good and searching, still doesn't meet it. Yet the author's very special gifts are evident in its pages. A young man (not yet 30, already a novelist), he has hard intelligence and a kind of *Menschlichkeit,* which puts him well above that army of Ph.Ds who would advance scholarship with no better resources than well-padded haunches and 20-20 vision.

The Arts in Yugoslavia

Arno Karlen

Zoltan Kodaly, the Hungarian musician and folklorist, once said of Socialist realism: "You can't make love and read the newspaper at the same time." Yugoslavia has had the courage to fold up the pages but not to drop them by the side of the bed. The subject of a work of art may or may not be meant as a political gesture; there is an excellent chance that, in any case, it will be taken as one.

The officially approved art is Socialist realism, and its ubiquitous masterpiece is Tito's portrait, hung in almost every store, office and hotel. You can make a game of counting the ways he is represented—as marshal and as executive; realistically and idealized; in company or alone; benevolent and stern; builder of dams and cities; center of a fugue of scenes from the partisan revolution—in an aureole of grim minuscule peasants carrying rifles through magic-realist woods and mountains. These aren't as irritating as would be similar representations of Ulbricht or Novotny—both of whom recently appeared in the flesh in Belgrade and received the People's studied apathy. For Tito is in fact most of the things the pictures make him out to be.

Expectations of museums full of stalwart tractor drivers die fast. My first day in Yugoslavia, as I walked down Rijeka's main shopping street at *corso* time, I came to a gallery where a dozen people were looking at bold red-and-black abstractions that would stand with the better Abstract Expressionism of New York. The range of art in Yugoslavia runs from the slavishly doctrinaire to the almost free, in the Western sense. The extremes are results of the same history.

Under Turkish, Austrian and Italian domination for the better part of a thousand years, Yugoslavia was cut off from the mainstream of European life. It is the youngest country in Europe and suddenly undergoing rapid industrialization. The population of almost every city has at least doubled since the war, as peasants flock from some of the West's most primitive country into schools and factories. What urban tradition existed before the war came from a small upper class, educated abroad. Most of them are killed or gone now. The new urban life is being shaped by people with roots in peasant life, who have the paranoid patriotism one would expect from a small developing country finally free from foreign control. They are deeply attached to their land and their traditions, and to the unique communism they have developed. But they are also defensive about their lost time in history, and eager to seem modern Europeans. The result is a defensive-aggressive complex, existing not only among camps of artists but often within each artist.

Yugoslavia, Land of the Southern Slavs, has made Italy its touchstone. The goal post is across the Adriatic. Italy presents a more realistic economic level to aim for than Germany or America (consumer goods are already better and more plentiful here than in Russia or Poland). The national cliché is, "We are Mediterranean, like the Italians—emotional, musical, lazy, maybe even lazier."

All over Yugoslavia there are shabby, barrackslike buildings of concrete, resembling the mass housing of other Communist countries. But outside many of the ancient white-walled towns of the Dalmatian coast are new office and apartment buildings copied from Italian models—neat and attractive, with balconies painted bright yellow and red and blue. Nervi and Niemayer are the most admired architects. Yugoslav fashion magazines show Italian styles, and bureaucrats wear suits hand-tailored after Italian prototypes. Italian films are popular, but opinion divides on Italian painting and sculpture.

Since Yugoslavia is half peasant and half citybilly, even many of the high bureaucrats sometimes exhibit only slightly modified peasant mentalities. They patriotically encourage peasant art, which is highly stylized, but their taste in canvases is staunchly imitative; they put pressure on all art but Socialist realism, which is ideologically correct and corresponds to their simple idea of museum art.

Peasant art is dramatic and strongly Slavic. It is becoming increasingly popular all over the world. In the past, one of its greatest achievements was embroidery; in ethnographic museums, such as that in Split, you can see peasant costumes of the last hundred years covered with designs as lovely and sophisticated as decorative art can be. You can look as long and wonderingly at the complex red needlework on a Dalmatian blouse as at a great painting. During the last few decades the art is being lost as city values percolate into the countryside.

Peasant sculpture and painting are having what will probably be a last flowering before being engulfed by city culture. There are villages in Slovenia and Serbia where it seems that almost everyone paints or carves in wood. Some primitive sculptors, such as the Serbian Bogosav Zivkovic, have become quite famous.

Until the postwar bloom of paint-

Arno Karlen, author of White Apples *(Lippincott), has just concluded a visit to Yugoslavia. He is now in Greece working on a new novel.*

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ing, sculpture was considered the national art. Mestrovic represented it to the world, trying to synthesize folk and Byzantine traditions with European modernism. Above Split on Mount Marjan is the Mestrovic Museum, donated by the sculptor to his native Croatia. Much of the work in it is sentimental or academic—forbearing mothers and squatting personifications in fancy stone drapes. There are also some stunning successes: a Joyous Youth that is all fleshless eroticism and dance; a Job all sinew and scream; a fine bust of the Dalmatian poet Vladimir Nozor, his plump old face smiling in meditation (he became a Partisan at 70).

There seems to be a Mestrovic statue donated by the artist in every corner of Yugoslavia, setting the tone for subsequent Slavic shouting in stone. His oversized statue of Bishop Gregory outside Diocletian's Palace in Split, and his figures representing the Yugoslav republics at the grave of the unknown soldier outside Belgrade, make one admire and shrink, just as one would at a fine voice being used many decibles too loud. His love of the gigantesque was passed on to the men who designed the monuments to the war dead—bronze soldiers and citizens, stand in almost every town, all bullishness, bulk and aggression. Many are redeemed by their sentiment; they show men not carrying banners to victory but crumpling to death.

Now the trend is away from folk, Byzantine and self-consciously nationalist art. In the apartments of bureaucrats, journalists, actors, doctors and other members of the elite you can see excellent paintings influenced by the surrealists and Abstract Expressionists. Doctrinaire and literal-minded guests sometimes make the usual Philistine wisecracks, but they seem conscious of being on the cultural tailgate.

In Zadar this past summer the third Yugoslav Biennale filled two public halls with works by painters from all over the country. A small number portrayed toilers and soldiers in the old *Saturday Evening Post* manner. Another small number were representational; another group safely Impressionist and Post-Impressionist. In all of these—about a quarter of the show—the level of craftsmanship was high. Another quarter of the paintings were skillful but predictable abstract and semi-abstract works, or Fauvist adaptations of peasant art. The remaining half of the show could compete with the usual run of exhibitions in New York and Paris. They showed influences from Klee and Tobey to action painting. If no single painter's work was of first world rank, that of quite a few was solidly of the second.

It's often difficult to tell whether citizens and bureaucrats are proud or embarrassed by their large crop of excellent abstractionists. It may depend on whether they're talking to a Russian or an American. Tito has chided artists who ignore the "reality of revolutionary socialism." Harrying him to clamp down are hard-liners, definitely a minority in Yugoslavia after fifteen years of steady de-Stalinization, but still a force. Yet Yugoslavs are also proud that they are doing the same things as New York and Paris, and doing them well. To my knowledge there has been no recent attempt to actually hinder or punish artists, or even a direct threat.

Not long ago a Zagreb newspaper ran a letter objecting to conventional party art criticism. The convoluted rejoinder is worth looking at:

The right of criticism is no privilege, but our common obligation. . . . If at last the socialist world has been freed of the terror of a single psychopathologic personality; if the myth of the infallibility of anybody's "wise leadership" has vanished; if the Yugoslav road to socialism has anticipated everyone's right to go his own way without subordinating himself to any authority but the revolutionary necessity for progress; if

On Stuffing a Goose

(after overhearing some students talk knowingly about D. H. Lawrence)

Is this fame then and what it is to be
really alive, to go on living after flesh,
having failed, has been officially
hauled away?
To cast a moment's spell
upon some distant man and girl, a feeling
of familiarity in a gust of fragrance
in a summer's night,
of loneliness
made roomier as they recall his anguish,
as though flesh alone, one time and place,
one wife, a single set
of friends
were too confining and that life must be
let out to mine its basic cadence finally
in our pondering of it,
free of any
obligation save the pleasure that we take
in it. . . . My father was a great hand
at stuffing geese.
In the cellar dark
he'd keep one penned. Knees grappling it,
he'd ram a special mash with dippers
of water down its throat.
In time
that crate began to bulge; past waddling,
goose managed only belchy squawks.
We knew it ready.
Somewhere in all this
I have a sense of what it is to be really
alive. Somewhere in the celebration
of that goose,
throned on a shiny
platter, for its mellow crackling skin
a jovial martyr, piping savors of a life
well lived,
our heart's gladness
in the occasion of picking the juicy meat
from the sides and the bones, in that
and remembering the sense abides.

Theodore Weiss

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even in some Stalinist strongholds champions of Marxism began only yesterday to see that questions of aesthetics and taste are not also questions of political tactics and ideological strategy—then it is really the right moment to open still another front in the permanent fight for democracy, liberty of artistic creation and philosophic reasoning where this was least expected: a front against those anti-dogmatists and "free thinkers" who supported freedom and criticism as long as (it) did not jeopardize them. . . .

It becomes clear from this anti-Stalinist speech what even the conservative wing is saying: "free thinking" has become so widespread and is so generously tolerated that hack party critics are outnumbered. The letter is a placating wheedle from an academy on the defensive. It is more a plea than an attack: "Please fellas, don't slap the hand that loosed the reins, there's room for all of us." It ends with a request not to abuse the fact that:

Freedom of opinion and right of criticism are no privileges, but on the contrary an obligation of all of us equally to participate actively in the strengthening and further development of the great gains of our revolution . . . direct democracy.

Bookstore windows in Belgrade contain English and Serbo-Croat versions of *1984* and *Animal Farm*, and works by Henry James, Twain, London, Faulkner, Hemingway, Fitzgerald, Farrell, Salinger, Baldwin and C. Wright Mills. Westerns and detective stories (Agatha Christie, Ellery Queen) are the most popular books in the country and are printed in first editions of up to a few hundred thousand —quite substantial for a country of 19 million, with many illiterates. Some of the Westerns are written by Yugoslavs; but since they might seem unconvincing if authored by a Miroslav Jovanovic, American pen names are used.

The difference between official and unofficial views of American writing became clear to me when I spoke to both an English teacher and a successful young poet. The English teacher, having gone to the state pedagogical school, had studied mostly English writers. She considered Mark Twain and Jack London America's greatest writers, had never heard of Melville, James, Pound, Dos Passos, Steinbeck or any poet since Whitman. The poet, on the other hand, said that among his friends the favorite American writers were Hemingway, Arthur Miller and Tennessee Williams. His own favorite poets were Leopardi, Lorca, Alberti, Stefan George. Like many in the vanguard of Serbian poetry, he is most influenced by the Spanish surrealists.

He gave me a batch of his poems, which I showed to several Yugoslavs. All were quite impressed. No one pronounced himself unable or unwilling to read and judge them. A farm girl in her 20s, with four years of school, read and reread the poems, many of which sprawled without capitals or punctuation about the page. She soberly nodded and said authoritatively, *fino, fino.* Half the young men who come on strong trying to impress foreigners put themselves forward as poets.

Ivo Andric, who won the Nobel Prize in 1961, is unanimously considered the country's greatest writer. There is almost as much agreement on giving the second place to Miroslav Krleza who is highly regarded as a playwright, and whose novels have been translated into many European languages, though not yet into English. Some consider him rather metaphysical and difficult to read, but that doesn't seem to threaten his popularity.

The underground hero of many is Djilas who, besides his political writing, has produced an excellent autobiography. When I mentioned his name, Yugoslavs generally looked around, broke into nervous laughter and changed the subject. One man did not. We had just been speaking about Kennedy, who is the object of a cult in Yugoslavia as in the rest of Europe. "Kennedy was a great man," said the Yugoslav. "I cried when he died. Djilas is our great man, our Kennedy. A real Montenegrin hero. I admire all his books tremendously." It turned out that he has never read them, for they are not available in Yugoslavia.

Literary censorship varies. Last summer in Ljubljana, the Slovenian capital, a review called *Perspective* was banned; then a play was closed, after half a performance, for satirizing rigid bureaucrats. There was a public outcry the government was either unable or unwilling to conceal. It is difficult to tell whether such events are setbacks or merely jolts along the road to more freedom. There is no doubt that the postwar generation lacks the revolutionary fervor of Tito's contemporaries; they care less for ideological purity, more for a higher standard of living and for the latitude dissent provides.

Party hacks continue to fill popular newspapers and magazines with tales of partisan heroes and other egregiously good citizens. Literary reviews and private circles are very different. The difficulty in generalizing about them and comparing them is that they are in so many languages. The whole political and social nature of the country springs from its Balkan fragmentation among various South Slavs and other ethnic groups. Each of the six major republics—Croatia, Serbia, Slovenia, Montenegro, Bosnia-Hercegovina and Macedonia—has in the past been independent of the others. A Serb or Croat can understand only scraps of Slovenian; the Slovenian can't understand Macedonian. Macedonia, in fact, has so long been a subject and backward land that the first Macedonian grammar was not published until 1952 in Yugoslavia, and the first Macedonian dictionary in 1961. Croatia, on the other hand, had a thriving literature in the Renaissance. A literary renaissance began in Montenegro more than a century ago with Njegos, who wrote what is considered Yugoslavia's national epic. The beginning of this century saw a flowering of lyric poetry in Slovenia. There are 1,400 public schools in Yugoslavia, conducted in Albanian, Rumanian, Bulgarian, Hungarian, Italian and many other languages; and numerous newspapers and magazines publish in these as well.

Serbo-Croat, though, is the dominating language by a small edge. In that and the other major south-Slavic tongues many poets and novelists work in a range from Socialist-oriented fiction to surrealist and expressionist poetry. Some of the most widely read are Miodrag Bulatovic, Oscar Davico, Branko Copic, Dobrica Cosic and the Macedonian Slavko Janevski. Some would interest only Yugoslavs, but one of the important jobs (among many) undone by American publishers is a solid sample of 20th-century Yugoslav poetry and prose in translation.

Belgrade is still an overgrown concrete village. Zagreb is the only city that feels cosmopolitan. It has a civic symphony, opera, ballet, several theatres and the Soloisti di Zagreb. Concert programs there run

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from pre-Bach to Schoenberg, Webern, Bartok, Martinu and contemporary Yugoslav composers. The Yugoslav music has hardly been noticed outside Yugoslavia; doubtless one of the reasons is the names of some of the compositions—e. g., *Partisan Yugoslav Rhapsody.*

There are more than fifty state-supported theatres in the country, and opera and folk-dance groups perform frequently. They are bringing art to masses for whom it was previously unavailable, but most of it remains of local interest, except the music festivals at Dubrovnik and Split.

The Yugoslavs are very proud of their film industry, especially their animated cartoons and documentaries, some of which have won prizes and honorable mention at international film festivals. The only one I have seen was on the life cycle of artificially bred salmon. Despite the excellent color and professional production, it wore thin quickly, and the forty-minute viewing seemed to take just this side of forever.

Last year an independent film company made a full-length movie called *Face to Face,* based on the case of Dusan Travica, a workman and member of his factory's workers' council. Travica was a tough-minded and idealistic Communist who took the party at its word when it called for direct workers' democracy. He ran into trouble with bureaucrats and was expelled from the party committee. In the film he was shown as heroically standing up to lazy, entrenched party bosses resisting democratization. As a result of the film, Travica's case has been reopened. *The Yugoslav Review,* the country's foreign-language public relations magazine, has publicized both the film and the case.

This is all as unlikely in Eastern Europe as are the widespread reading of Orwell and the friendly talks from bureaucrats assuring one that "Big Brother days are over, we want the best from both East and West." Artists and intellectuals, at the same time genuinely patriotic and eager for contact with the West, have a great stake in this. To an American, the restrictions and the phantom of state control seem unendurable; but conditions in Yugoslavia provoke envy elsewhere in Eastern Europe. Kodaly's point of view seems still to be only slowly gaining ground.

The commissar to whom Kodaly had made his comment on Socialist realism was puzzled and asked for clarification. According to the story, Kodaly said, "You can't run your toaster on a bolt of lightning."

Art Books of 1964: Part II

Lincoln Kirstein

DRAWINGS

The Fogg Museum at Harvard University, under the leadership of Paul J. Sachs, is responsible for the very great augmentation of interest in drawing as a distinct category—as independent to the curator and collector as painting or sculpture. Dr. Sachs's students in the thirties (the late John Newberry in Detroit, Agnes Mongan at Harvard, Elizabeth Mongan in Philadelphia and Washington) began to gather and comment upon the art of draftsmanship. To a more limited, but perhaps more profound degree, W. J. Ivins at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, and his successor A. Hyatt Mayor, whose books on baroque drawings have long been models of humane and poetic scholarship; and Belle Da Costa Greene at the Morgan Library have formed great working collections, and established a succession of curators to follow them.

It is also only fair to name Philip Hofer, discriminating collector of out-of-the-way drawings, calligraphy and manuscripts at the Houghton Library, Harvard; John Thacher of Dumbarton Oaks in Washington, some of whose best drawings have already gone to Yale; Harry Francis of the Cleveland Museum, and Winslow Ames, a free-lance expert, all past or present enthusiasts, collectors or custodians who were directly or indirectly inspired by the emphasis on drawing during their student days at Cambridge. These men have made America, comparatively late in entering this field of collection, an incomparable repository. Walter Baker's stupendous collection, not widely known, but deeply respected among connoisseurs, has a modest catalogue which, while by no means the equivalent of the collection, is useful; it may be obtained at low cost from the Metropolitan Museum.

As a result of this activity, drawing is no longer listed as a sub-section to Prints; the Metropolitan will shortly open a new gallery devoted to prints *and* drawings; young artists, scholars and collectors are absorbed by drawing, partly because they are original works that inspired or subsumed great painting, architecture and sculpture, and partly because in many divisions they are still available and can be bought by people with low incomes. Hence it is natural that there should be an increasing number of books on drawing as an independent craft. Some of the books are very good and some very bad. Last year, a commercial house specializing in calendars and industrial brochures, Shorewood Publishers, printed four massive volumes which purported to be the world's greatest drawings, selected by the world's greatest experts, no less. Costing $200, the venture was a great commercial success. Artistically, the choice was indifferent, much of the printing sloppy, the essential verisimilitude to the originals sketchy, and the whole thing a rather pretentious and silly monument. Now, in order to cash in further on what must have been a large investment, Shorewood presents reduced volumes in a series that utilizes the original color separations and is produced at a reasonable price. It may be carping to say that the resulting volumes—Flemish and Dutch, French, Italian (from the 15th to the 19th century), French Impressionists, and 20th Century Drawings (Part I)—are an improvement over the original publications: since they are far less pretentious and fairly cheap, one is better prepared to accept haphazard choice, false color and fashionable academic opinion. But save your money for some of the following:

Janet Cox Rearick's careful study of drawings of Pontormo (1494-1556) in two well-printed volumes may be for the specialist, but it is academic work at its best. This eccentric Florentine is like nothing seen before on land or sea; the volume of illustrations is, naturally, of documentary importance, but the cheap portfolio (No. 1, in "Disegnatori ed Incisori Italiani," edited in Bergamo in 1943) has large good plates and can be found in art bookstores often for under $5.

The World's Greatest Figure Drawings, a modest enough title (*nicht wahr?*), is a West German-printed book for English-speaking (and multilingual) distribution. It costs $25. It is innocent of taste, scholarship, or pictorial responsibility. Stay away.

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One Hundred European Drawings in the Metropolitan Museum of Art is quite another matter. It costs only $12.50; is magnificently produced, printed and edited, and marks an event of historic importance: the establishment of an independent Department of Drawings at the Metropolitan. The author, Jacob Bean, is the new department's director, a young scholar of vast information and an eye fresher than many Fogg-bound experts. His book is a model and a joy. Incidentally, the Metropolitan has gathered not only a few extremely famous and expensive drawings, but some very beautiful unfamiliar ones, which have been lost to view for years in the confusion of rebuilding and the combination of Prints and Drawings.

While it is not an American book, the work is of such topicality and outstanding importance that one must at least call attention to the stunning collection of fine reproductions of the treasures of the Albertina in Vienna, prepared by the recently departed and greatly lamented Dr. Otto Benesch. It has just appeared and is available from Wittenborn and the better art bookstores. The Albertina ranks with the Louvre, Windsor and the Morgan Library as one of the greatest collections of Western drawings in the world.

The Morgan Library has an excellent cheap catalogue of the drawings (now on view there) from the Walraff Richartz Museum in Cologne which, circulated by the American Federation of Arts, will be seen in Washington, Baltimore and Kansas City as well. An inexpensive pamphlet, *Recent Acquisitions by The Cooper Union Museum,* is a picture book in honor of its long-time and distinguished curator of drawings, Calvin S. Hathaway, who has taken the place of Carl Zigrosser as Curator of Drawings in Philadelphia. It not only shows some magnificent new objects, among them a fine drawing by Girolamo da Carpi (1501-56), but calls attention to the fact that The Cooper Union has the greatest collection of theatrical and decorative art drawings in America, and that it is still in danger of losing its independent existence as a great institution.

A well-printed, inexpensive catalogue of *Northern Baroque Paintings and Drawings* contains unusual and excellent individual pieces. One of the finest gifts for this Christmas to a friend interested in drawings, is a subscription to *Master Drawings*, a superb quarterly, edited chiefly by Miss Felice Stampfle, the curator of the Morgan Library Drawings, and Jacob Bean of the Metropolitan. Of comparatively modest format, but showing increasingly well-printed plates, it is an example of specialist scholarship at the service of a generalist public. Subscription is $10 a year, and worth twice the sum. (In all fairness it must be said that *Master Drawings* is now printed by Shorewood Publishers, about which unkind words were spoken above. However, there is no color, and the editors are great scholars and not commercial calendar manufacturers.)

Flemish & Dutch Drawings from the 15th to the 18th Century. Text by Colin Eisler. Shorewood Publishers. $5.95.

French Drawings from the 15th Century Through Gericault. Text by Jean Vallery-Radot. Shorewood Publishers. $5.95.

Italian Drawings from the 15th to the 19th Century. Text by Winslow Ames. Shorewood Publishers. $5.95.

French Impressionists. Selected and edited by Ira Moskowitz. Text by Maurice Serullaz. Shorewood Publishers. $5.95.

20th Century Drawings. Part I: 1900-1940. Text by Una E. Johnson. Shorewood Publishers. $5.95.

The Drawings of Pontormo. By Janet Cox Rearick. Harvard University Press. 2 vols. $35 the set.

The World's Greatest Figure Drawings. By Roswell J. Harrison. Atlantis Books. $25.

100 European Drawings in the Metropolitan Museum of Art. By Jacob Bean. The Metropolitan Museum of Art. Distributed by New York Graphic Society. $12.50.

Master Drawings in the Albertina: European School from the Gothic to the Classic. By Otto Benesch. Galerie Welz. $26.50.

Recent Acquisitions by The Cooper Union Museum. Compiled and published by The Cooper Union.

Northern Baroque Paintings and Drawings. From the collection of Mr. & Mrs. Henry H. Weldon. Rhode Island School of Design.

Liturgical Manuscripts for the Mass and the Divine Office. Text by John Plummer. The Morgan Library. $1.75 paper.

The Book of Hours of Catherine of Cleves. Text by John Plummer. The Morgan Library. $5 cloth, $3 paper.

Art Tours & Detours in New York State. By S. Lane Faison, Jr. Random House. $4.95.

Two more books that derive from the Morgan Library must be mentioned for their intrinsic interest, their cheapness and their beauty: *Liturgical Manuscripts for the Mass and the Divine Office,* with a masterly essay by John Plummer, beautiful plates and a fascinating critical apparatus; and *The Book of Hours of Catherine of Cleves,* the original of which, when it was revealed as the latest incomparable treasure of the Morgan Library in November, drew crowds to see a single book. John Plummer is also responsible for this splendid, cheap book.

As a postscript, one must mention *Art Tours & Detours in New York State* by S. Lane Faison, Jr., of Williams College, whose previous *Art Museums of New England* is already indispensable. It is illuminating to find how many museums are now interested in drawings, or have inherited them and are now presenting them as important objects in their own right. Finally, the Pierre Matisse Gallery has an excellent inexpensive catalogue of its present show of drawings by one of the greatest of contemporary painters, sculptors and draftsmen, the Swiss, Alberto Giacometti.

While I had intended to record new books in graphics and handicrafts in this report, the subject of drawings literally took over. Architecture and general art history will be covered in my final installment next week.

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THEATRE

Julius Novick

INCIDENT AT VICHY

Arthur Miller has employed in his new play the assistance of a powerful collaborator: history. The mere invoking of the Nazi horror is enough to arouse emotion in many people; the rabbi of our synagogue, years after the war, had only to scream "Dachau!" from the pulpit on Yom Kippur to start the pledges rolling in for the U.J.A. *Incident at Vichy* (ANTA Washington Square Theatre), like other anti-Nazi plays, will probably appeal more to the middle-aged than to the young, and more to Jews than to gentiles.

But Mr. Miller, unlike the rabbi, has not merely relied on history to do his work for him. He has contrived a simple situation which serves, like a burning glass, to focus and concentrate the horror. In a detention room at Vichy in 1942, a group of men, mostly Jews, sit and wait. They have been rounded up by the Germans and their French collaborators, and now they wonder what will become of them. One by one they are taken inside for interrogation, from which most do not emerge. It is like a sinister and desperate slow-motion game of Ten Little Indians; it can be felt in the pit of the stomach even by one who is left unmoved by ordinary Nazi-horror-mongers; it is in the highest degree dramatic.

Unfortunately, Mr. Miller is not primarily interested in this kind of drama. He does not precisely scorn and spurn his situation, but he seems to be using it mainly as a pretext, almost a come-on. It seems as though Mr. Miller does not really want to write plays any more; he wants to talk to us directly. The impulse behind *Incident at Vichy* appears to have been primarily ideological—ideological, not didactic, because Mr. Miller would much rather explore a question than enforce a conclusion about it.

Now I do not mean to do a Walter Kerr, and imply that the worst thing the theatre has ever done was to go whoring off after the delusive delights of ideology. The ideological drama, the drama of George Bernard Shaw, is an honorable, an indispensable genre. It is just that Mr. Miller is less than a first-rate ideologue. Many of Shaw's ideas-that-walk-like-men have more life in them than most conventionally "rounded" characters; Mr. Miller's have less. Shaw was a master at making a conflict of ideas dramatic: his arguments *progress;* Mr. Miller's (as Mr. Kerr has pointed out) go around in circles.

And so we have to listen at length to a Communist spouting Communist clichés; to a gentle Austrian prince who believes at first that no aesthete could possibly become a Nazi, who realizes the inaccuracy of this belief shortly after the audience does, and who thenceforth asseverates repetitively that human decency still exists; and to a psychoanalyst who insists that all men are guilty. (As everybody knows, Mr. Miller is feeling pretty guilty himself these days; and while all forms of misery love company, none is quite so compulsively sociable as guilt.)

Mr. Miller's ideas do not insult the intelligence but neither are they very stimulating. Great plays have been built on ordinary, familiar ideas, but it is difficult to debate such themes dramatically; they lend themselves rather to dramatization through action. If Mr. Miller, in his present mood, had written, say, *Romeo and Juliet* (to take a great play built on familiar ideas), its whole structure of action would have been merely a pretext to get the lovers to sit down with their parents, the Friar, the Prince, the Nurse and Mercutio for a long, deadly earnest colloquium on Absolute Love vs. the Social Context. The results would probably not have been an improvement on *Romeo and Juliet* as we have it.

Harold Clurman has directed Mr. Miller's current colloquium with absolute, total fidelity, as if determined that the audience should accept it on the author's own terms or not at all. The play is given without intermission (it lasts an hour and three-quarters). Mr. Clurman has ignored the temptation to constant movement imposed by the open stage of the Lincoln Center Repertory's temporary home near Washington Square; his staging could be transferred virtually intact to a proscenium house. It takes courage to allow half a dozen or so performers to remain static for so long in a row on a bench; and Mr. Clurman's courage is in large part rewarded. Insofar as the play is capable of doing what Mr. Miller wants it to do, the direction is successful.

In climactic passages, however, the director's fidelity serves only to aggravate the author's pretentiousness. Mr. Miller's prose only occasionally catches the sound of human speech, tending instead toward abstractness, sententiousness and self-consciousness, with a particular weakness for the pseudo-apothegm. "We've learned the price of idealism." "But can one wish for a world without ideals?"—so runs a typical exchange. Now this is not terrible—compared, for instance, to much of O'Neill—but Joseph Wiseman as the psychoanalyst and David Wayne as the prince bring out its worst qualities by belting it in the most earnestly self-indulgent oratorical style, with plenty of the histrionic equivalents for italics and exclamation marks and capitals and triple underlinings.

This leaves David J. Stewart in an awkward position, since he is *supposed* to be playing a ham actor. But Mr. Stewart projects his character's false attitudinizing and genuine fright with great clarity and tremendous conviction. And it is only fair to remark that Mr. Wiseman does convey an impression of strength, and that Mr. Wayne's peculiar, effortless charm—which is highly relevant to the character Mr. Miller has written—seems to be not merely a theatrical commodity but a genuine attribute of the soul.

I ought also to note that when the playwright thinks to punctuate his discourse by tightening his dramaturgical screws, he does it so successfully that the tension holds through long stretches of idea-mongering, almost until he is ready to tighten them again. In overvaluing himself as thinker and stylist, Mr. Miller neglects his greatest gift, which is precisely for dramaturgy in its best sense: for creating meaning through *action*.

He seems to have largely forgotten that the theatre—and he in particular—can communicate truly and profoundly not only to the brain, but to the nerve endings. He will not recover the full use of his magnificent talent until he realizes that the Nazi "professor" in his new play—who comes out of the interrogation room to the frightened line of victims and says "Next!"—is not only more dramatic than all the sententious lucubrations in the script; his appearances also *say* more about the implications of Nazism. Actions, in the theatre, do not always speak louder than words; but in Mr. Miller's plays they do.

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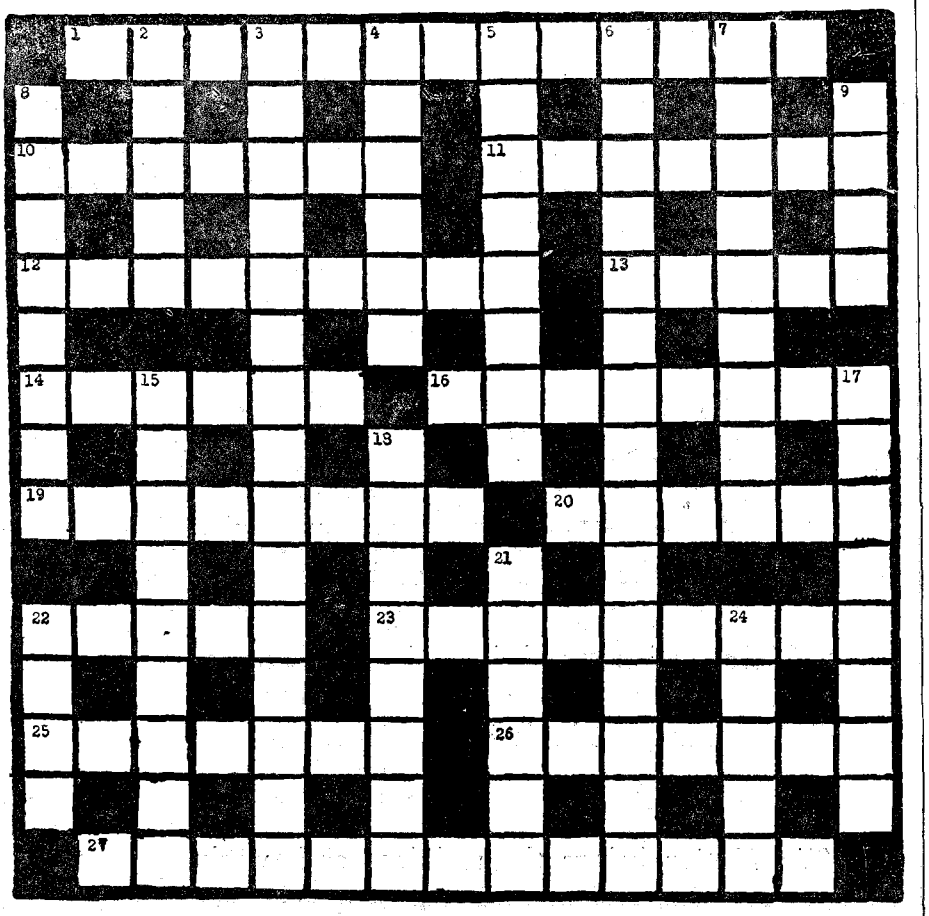
Crossword Puzzle No. 1085

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 See 22 down
10 Ground sausage, made to satisfy! (7)
11 Tell a hero in his work? (7)
12 When the stomach is upset, one probably has to suffer. (9)
13 Is it all right in the latter part of the day to call up? (5)
14 Is each likely to be the original of what Holmes implied was drawn by one? (6)
16 Sad or not, they're still touch-and-go affairs. (8)
19 Writer improperly set on very loud types. (8)
20 Measure nothing but modern sound with it? (6)
22 Arguments about someone's ankles, possibly. (5)
23 You might find one in case of simple quarrel. (9)
25 Style that gave its name to the ragtime dance. (7)
26 You might have made it a one with quite a line! (7)
27 But one doesn't have to be brave to eat it! (6, 7)

DOWN:

2 Tries to make a clue for it? (5)
3 It's proper for some in order to see him founder. (7, 2, 6)
4 Like it sour? Just one shake! (6)
5 The relative value in color should be continuance in time. (8)
6 and 9 down Oriental Flag Day, perhaps? (7, 8, 4)
7 Post Command? (Little counteraction with it!) (4, 5)
8 A traditionally bad actor scorns such slings, possibly! (8)
9 See 6 down
15 See 22 down
17 Such a force set out of it with some difficulty (hoping to get off so?). (4-4)
18 Shot over the head, commonly, as a vegetable. (4, 4)
21 Site of a poetic Fun House? (6)
22 1 across and 15 down Ticking, perhaps, if soft? (4, 5, 2, 6, 3, 4, 2)
24 He was bound to turn! (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1084

ACROSS: 1 Order of battle; 10 Dutch oven; 11, 17 and 24 Finders keepers, losers weepers; 12 Opaline; 13, 6 and 9 Heart-to-heart talks; 14 Shot tower; 16 Speakeasy; 18 Sling; 19 Obscene; 21 Eminent; 22 Leasehold; 23 Photo. DOWN: 1 Out of this world; 2 Delineate; 3 Respect; 4 Fades; 5 Anthology; 7 Envoi; 8 Interrogations; 14 Stage door; 15 White rose; 18 Stipple; 20 Stall; 21 Endow.

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